

A
0
0
0
4
9
5
1
8
0
2

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY

HEAD LETTERS.



BY

HARRIET L. CHILDE-PEMBERTON,

AUTHOR OF

"Prince," "Geese," "Twenty Minutes."



LONDON: HAYWARD LOCK & CO. LIMITED.



THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

Cleveland

DEAD LETTERS



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

DEAD LETTERS

AND OTHER

NARRATIVE AND DRAMATIC PIECES

BY

HARRIET L. CHILDE-PEMBERTON

AUTHOR OF

"PRINCE," "GEESSE," "TWENTY MINUTES"

London:

Ward, Lock & Co., Limited,

Warwick House, Salisbury Square, E.C.

New York and Melbourne.

1896.

[All rights reserved.]

PR
6005
C 437d

PREFACE

THE success of "Prince" and the other poems intended for recitation contained in the volume to which it gave its name, has induced me to offer to the public a few more narrative poems. As in the case of the earlier collection, the actual stories of which the various poems treat have been derived from divers sources, though the treatment itself is, so far as I know, original. A version of "The Freak of Gwendolen" is to be found, I think, in one of Mark Twain's books; while the story contained in "The Sea-Bird's News" I heard from the lips of one who was resident in Australia at the time when the incident actually happened.

As a piece for *recitation*, I am of opinion myself that "Other Eyes than Ours" would be improved

by curtailment; the stanzas five, six, and seven, and also stanzas twenty-four, twenty-five, thirty-one, thirty-two, thirty-seven, and thirty-nine, might easily be omitted without any interruption to the narrative.

H. L. C.-P.

12, *Portman Street, W.*

CONTENTS

	PAGE
DEAD LETTERS 	I
THE FREAK OF GWENDOLEN 	11
THE SEA-BIRD'S NEWS 	21
'OTHER EYES THAN OURS' 	25
LOVE'S PRESAGE 	41
THE WOMAN AND THE SEA 	49
A MISUNDERSTANDING IN CHURCH 	56
A DEED OF GRACE 	59
A FABLE OF FLORENCE 	62
SMOKE (<i>a Prose Monologue</i>) 	66
THE DEUCE OF CLUBS (<i>a Duologue</i>) 	73
SUNBEAMS AT HOME (<i>a Fairy Play</i>) 	89



DEAD LETTERS

WHAT is this has set me dreaming ?

What is this I am staring at ?

Letters, merely, to your seeming ;

What is there to heed in that ?

Mark ! a pile of *yellow* letters

These upon the table spread,

Each an envelope still fetters,

Each unopened and unread ;

Note what postmarks stamped on each be,

Yet a bygone date they bear ;—

Why these letters did not reach me

I have wondered many a year !

Take the letters,—give them heeding,

Handle them, so may you see

They were written for my reading,

All of them addressed to me,

Every one of all the number
 Folded in the unbroken cover,
Come to light at last as lumber,
 Written by an absent lover !
And you comment "Letters merely ?"
 In your voice a careless ring ;
Yet my life has paid for dearly,
 What those letters failed to bring !
This my story whose beginning
 Seemed a tale of I and he,
By another's reckless sinning
 Grew a tragedy of three ;
All the passions implicated :
 Love that ran its headlong course,
Jealousy with meanness mated,
 Then revenge, and last remorse !
Yet my vision's blind withholding,
 In mine innocence of fact,
Left me stricken by the unfolding
 Of the tragedy's last act.

Do you wonder I am stirred
By a revelation heard
From a guilty dying soul,

Who her sins would now unroll?
Hers the hate that crossed my love,
Hate that surged all else above,
Hers the jealousy whose aim,
Mad with failure, was to maim;
Lest a rival's chance should win
What she lost,—would sooner sin!
Hers the mean revenge, no man
Would have stooped to—woman's plan
Laid in darkness; and of course
Hers to-day the late remorse!

Twenty years must I go back
All my tale to explain and track,
Since those days when blithest wooing
Left no time for thoughts of ruing,
While we walked, as in a dream,
I and Walter, by the stream;
While we sat beneath the shade
Of the thorn and chestnut glade;
While we pulled the cowslip bells,
Blew the dandelion for spells;—
Still so young we could find pleasure

DEAD LETTERS

In the play of childhood's leisure !
Then the graver moods that grew
When our inmost thoughts we knew,
Told them shyly, each to each,
Half by silence, half by speech,
One day, blushing, to discover
What it means to be a lover !

Through the park and past the gate,
Down the village sometimes, late
Would we wander, I and he,
Proud of each as proud might be !
Sometimes at the farm or shop
For some trifle would we stop,
But the house we favoured most
With our visits was the post.
I can see its mistress now,
Tall of stature, dark of brow,
Moody, scornful, passionate,
Fashioned less for love than hate ;—
When I stood beside her bed
Yester evening, and she said :
“ Do you know me ? ”—spite of pain

I recalled that face again,
Spite of suffering, 'twas the same,
And I named her by her name !

Handsome? In a manner, yes ;
Yet I ask you, should I guess
At an age when innocence
Makes small count of lawless sense,
Such a thing could ever be,
She should love my Walter,—she
Married to an honest man !
How her thoughts to folly ran
When my Walter spake or smiled,
Should I guess it?—I a child
Taught and nurtured other where,
Could I guess she sought to share,
Steal or slay what I had won?
I had no suspicion—none !

What of Walter? Vainly set
For his luring was her net ;
He had eyes for none but me,
And she could not choose but see !
I remember I was hurt
When she gave me answers curt,

Turned her back and would not pay
Civil heed to my "good-day" ;
Now I know how hate is born,
Bred of love that meets with scorn !
Had she hope he might return
Half her passion—would not spurn,—
That at least had brought her balm ;
But to see him cold and calm
When she tempted,—gay and glad
In my presence, made her mad !
She would sever, she would scatter,
She would poison and would shatter !

Came the time when Walter went
Summoned to his regiment,
India and the seas between
All the joy that late had been !
And we swore upon a kiss
We would write and never miss.

Weeks went by but not a line
Came to cheer me ; I did pine
Days and months and years ! At length
Hope was wasted of its strength.

Dead, deceived or faithless? Nay!
Silence from our parting day.—
Take these letters, turn them over,
Each unopened in its cover;
Aye! you stare; nor can believe
Jealous hatred could achieve
Such a base revenge! Indeed
'Tis enough to endorse the creed
That a woman, at her worst,
Is the meanest creature curst!
Every letter that was his
She withheld—and there it is;
Every letter that was mine,
She destroyed it; her design
Slowly, ruthlessly to crush
(Since she had the power to hush
News of each) our love and trust,
Grinding patience in the dust;
And (if this were any gain)
Gloated daily o'er my pain,
With a silent evil boast
When I questioned at the post
Had she letters there for me?
With a silent, evil glee

Gave me letters, grave and grim,
Others wrote,—but none from him !

Nay ; her witchcraft was not such
She had power to change or touch
What was worthiest in my heart ;
But she kept our lives apart.
Love she could not slaughter—only
She has made a lifetime lonely ;
Trust she could not crush to death,
But it feebly gasped for breath ;
Hope alone, that clung so fast,
Of starvation died at last !

O my letters ! as I press you
With a long belated kiss,
At the eleventh hour I bless you
That you come to assure me this :
Not forgetful and not faithless
In those bygone days was he,
Trust was buoyant, Love was deathless,
Hope looked out across the sea ;
And if he did judge me wrongly
(As to judge I once was tempted),

By false seeming mastered strongly,
Here to-day we stand exempted ;
Neither he nor I did falter
From the love we pledged in youth ;
She alone, who stooped to palter
With the sacredness of truth,
She alone must bear the burden
Set on evil—uneffaced,—
She alone may claim the guerdon
Due to passions run to waste !

What? Though guilty she is dying,
And as such would pardon seek ?
And although their sins be crying
We must help the prostrate weak ?
Nay, my friend, I bear no malice ;
Ere I knew how I was wronged
I had drunk of sorrow's chalice,
And I learnt, from pain prolonged,
Pardon, I might not begrudge it
Whosoe'er might sue to win ;
Evil, might not dare to judge it
Whatsoe'er the sinner's sin.

I forgive her. She has wrought me
Twenty years of silent pain,
But her late remorse has brought me
Buried treasures for my gain ;
Twenty years I have been smitten
In my love and faith and hope,
Yearning for the message written,—
Knowledge narrowed of its scope !
Now my spirit breaks her fetters,
And renews her withered youth,
For I hold my lover's letters,
And at last I know the truth !

Gwendolen's Headpiece in the Haunted Room

THE FREAK OF GWENDOLEN

THEY sat in the twilight—a gathering of friends,
And in telling of stories they found amends
For the outside hurricane ;—Gwendolen,
Her cousin from France, and the ^{three or four} rest were men
~~Who shot her coverts and fished her streams,~~
~~Appraised her acres, and dreamed their dreams,~~
^{who} And loved her a little—and sometimes swore
As they reckoned her wealth, that they loved her
more !

^{than} But Hubert her cousin ^{who was heard} ~~had told her how~~ ^{how}
As he loved her a child, so he loved her now !

They sat in the twilight, and Hubert read,—
His book to the flame and with bended head,
While half in merriment, half in fear,
In tones assumed of the witch or seer,

By the leaping light in the deepening gloom
She told the tale of the Haunted Room :

"Let soldier and scholar alike beware,
For he who to sleep in that room should dare,
He sleeps for a hundred years—and then
Is it worth the waking?" said Gwendolen.
Then one demanded : "Whose turn to-night?"
Another rejoined : "It would serve you right!"
Another : "I feel such a weary wretch
I could sleep for a hundred years at a stretch!"
And a fourth exclaimed, with a loud guffaw :
"A fig for your haunted chambers. Pshaw!
(~~For 'spooks' I guess, if it comes to that,~~
Are mostly the homely mouse or rat!")

Then Hubert looked up from the book on his
knee.

"'Tis easy to jest, good friends," said he;
"And lightly ^{to} we settle the scope of laws
Whereof we know not the end or cause,
(~~And dare to judge of this life as a whole~~
~~When we know but a part, that we cannot control.~~
What right have such ~~weakly worms~~ as we
To fly in the face of doom?

Such poor creatures as we

Seek sleep would I not, were my choice but free,
In yon lonely and ~~spell-bound~~ room." *Haunted*

Then But the red rushed into the lady's cheek,
And her bright eyes kindled to hear him speak,
For As she noted the smile, the shrug, the sneer,
~~Less easy to brook~~ than an open jeer,
Dear And she murmured : "They deem him less brave
than they !

Needs must that I bid him those words unsay."
Then she said : "Maybe, were there nothing to lose,
Yet if one you honoured should bid you choose,"
(She challenged him straight with her shining eyes)
"Would you prove the courage your speech belies ?"

He answered her : "Dearest, my life is yours,—
~~A boat on the waves—you hold the oars—~~
~~A hazard to play—you cast the die,~~
Command me, Gwendolen, I comply ;

39 So you will that I sleep in yon spell-bound room,
Confront a devil or face a tomb,
To humour a fancy, indulge a freak,
I question it not ; you have only to speak."
"I will it," she said ; so he bowed his head
To Gwendolen's fancy.

Silver iron-work interlaced

And Hubert was led

To a chamber gorgeous with cloth of gold,

And silver fashioned in antique mould,

(And wood with iron-work strangely twined,

The cunning device of some master-mind;)

To A chamber spacious and warm and fair,

With a mellow light and a perfumed air ;

And the ~~oaken~~ door that was richly chased

X With birds that fluttered and beasts that crept

They closed with care ; and a lamp was placed

In the Haunted Chamber.—And Hubert slept.

* * * * *

And Hubert awoke. The chamber was strange

With the transformation of loathsome change !

The night from the morning he could not tell,

But down from the dusky casement fell

A single, flickering, feeble ray

That ~~dis~~lighted a scene of ~~old~~ decay.

For all around him was crumbling dust,

The ~~gold~~ ^{walls were} was black, and the iron was rust ;

The wood and the silver, the silk and cloth

Were a prey to the maggot, the mould, the moth,

And the roof and the rafters were dark with bats,

And the floor was the playground of mice and rats,

X And he felt like a man grown
Suddenly old

THE FREAK OF GWENDOLEN 15

And cobwebs that fluttered and trailed and clung,
Like dusky and disused curtains hung,
And where the walls and the ceiling met
Black crannies were oozing with slimy wet.

He felt his forehead, his face, his hair ;—
His beard was tangled, his locks were spare ;
He touched his raiment—'twas damp and thin,
- And clammily clung to his frozen skin.
His limbs were weak and his lips were cold,
X And his pulse was the tremulous pulse of the old, X
And he painfully spake in that darksome den :
“Have I proved the legend, O Gwendolen !
Have I slept, by the pitiless fiat of doom,
For a hundred years in the Haunted Room ?” in case of
shock
But save for the terrified beasts that stirred,
No sound in the solitude might be heard.

With a quickening fear did he grope about
In quest of an opening to lead him out,
The ~~disused door~~ of this tomb forgotten ;

(He shook the boards—they were damp and rotten, one she
And quivered and fell with an echoing thud, as it fell
A mound before him of mould and mud ! I was so old
rotten

Then he cleared his way through the oozing wet
 Of a slimy stair, to a parapet
 Where ivy climbed on the balustrade,
 And the golden sun and the breezes made
 A sweet recoil from the ghastly gloom
 And the tainted air of the Haunted Room !

clothed in
 Then a youth and a maiden passed him by,
~~But their garb was~~ an unknown guise,
 And they shrank from him with a frightened cry
 And a stare in their startled eyes,
~~And an older comrade they ran to seek,~~
~~Who questioned : "A ghost or a madman? Speak."~~

"Do ye not know me?" said Hubert. "Nay?
 Yet I spake with your friends but yesterday,
 While Gwendolen told in the deepening gloom
 The legend that hangs by the Haunted Room ;
 O Gwendolen ! Cousin ! you know the truth.
 O what have you done with my perished youth?"—
 They answered him kindly : "Alas ! alas !
 What you dared to venture has come to pass ;
 Who sleeps for a night, defying his doom,
 A century sleeps in the Haunted Room."

But he pleaded : " My Gwendolen ! Where is she ? "

And they said : " What Gwendolen might this be ? "

~~And one to the other did turn about~~

~~Till one remembered and hit the doubt :~~

ah! " My father's grandmother bore that name ;

Tradition reports her an arrogant dame,

But I speak from hearsay ; I only know

She died some seventy years ago,

And her grave is under a hawthorn-tree,

it stands And the stone ~~is fresh~~, ^{it} so you care to see." agreed

He muttered anon and anon did moan :

earth " A grave ~~by~~ a hawthorn-tree and a stone,

Is all of my Gwendolen left to me !

A stone and a grave ^{'neath} ~~by~~ a hawthorn-tree ! "

And mutely and meekly he turned to follow,

As they led the way to a verdant hollow ;—

And : " This is the burial ground," they said ;

But he neither spake nor lifted his head.

" And here is the grave and the hawthorn-tree."

~~But he seemed as he neither could hear nor see.~~

But he ~~seemed~~ ^{was} neither to hear or see

Then out of the shadow the thorn-tree made

There stept a beautiful buoyant maid,

With a smiling lip and a doubting brow,
 Who cried : " Enough of this jesting now !
 This kind of pleasantry lasts too long.
 O Hubert, forgive, if I did you wrong !
 It was but a jest ;—I am Gwendolen—see."
 " Her grave is under the hawthorn-tree,"
 He mournfully answered and shook his head,
 " For she—my Gwendolen—she is dead ! "

The tears in Gwendolen's eyes did glisten,
 And in tremulous sorrow she pleaded : " Listen !

~~It was but a drug that did make you sleep~~
 With a slumber unnatural, dreamless, deep,
 And you have not slept, by the legend's doom,
 For a hundred years in the Haunted Room ;
 They bore you away to that darksome den,—
 It was but a jest :—I am Gwendolen."

" My Gwendolen ? Nay. She is dead," quoth he,
 " And her grave is under the hawthorn-tree."

She claspt her hands on her lover's breast :

" I swear the thing was a heedless jest !

The potion it ~~was~~ that left you cold

With the flickering pulse of the weak and old ;

If I pluck at this tangled beard for a test,
Will you pardon your Gwendolen's heedless jest?"
He muttered and moaned: "Nay, do you not
know,

She died some seventy years ago?

And her grave is under the hawthorn-tree, —

~~stand~~ And the stone ~~is fresh~~, ^{it} so you care to see." *(turning to look)*

Then she wrung her hands in a great despair.

"O Hubert, ^{Hubert!} my ~~cousin~~! Belovèd—spare!

Enough! ~~enough of this chastisement~~;

I ~~had no right to such merriment~~—

And yet, O noblest, truest of men, *Oh! speak downrest*

Give pity and pardon to Gwendolen!" *(weeping bitterly)*

~~And in penitent anguish it came to pass~~

She flung herself on the ~~humid~~ ^{dewy} grass; *And she flung herself*

And covered her face and claspt his feet, *on the grass with his*

And wept and ^{moaned} murmured: "'Tis meet—'tis meet

I grovel, my ^{love} friend, in the dust of earth

To expiate, haply, my wanton mirth!" ^{the}

And her humbled head, and her pitiful cry,

Brought tears to the eyes of those standing by,

And they shuddered to look on his face of stone,

And to hear his voice in its monotone:

"Her grave is under the hawthorn-tree,
And the stone is ~~fresh~~, so you care to see."

~~And they whispered: "Hush! there is nothing
there~~

~~Can pity or pardon your great despair;
To a broken heart, to a mind that is dead,
O what is there left that ^{can now} may fitly be said!"~~

Ah me! Ah me! Could a woman's tears,
And the passionate penance and prayers of years,
Restore the maimed and the shattered, then
Had Hubert been holpen of Gwendolen.
Yet not by such may we choose reverse
A broken law and its consequent curse;
And she beareth for ever and ever as doom
Her ruthless jest of the Haunted Room!

THE SEA-BIRD'S NEWS

IN South Australia, not so long ago,

A sailor sought

A merchant at his desk, to tell and show

What he had brought ;

The while, within his hand, a band of steel

He turned and twirled ;

('Twas such a tale we sometimes find appeal

To all the world !)

“ Down on the beach—a curious matter, Sir,”

The sailor said,

“ An Albatross I found ;—she did not stir,—

The bird was dead ;

“ But round her neck was clasped this metal band,

Whereon is traced,

With tool imperfect and by unskilled hand,

And half effaced,

“What seem like words and letters,—yet to me
Without a plan ;
I cannot make their meaning out,” said he,
“Maybe you can.”

The merchant took the metal band and conned
The letters through :
“Aye,” murmured he, “the hope, all doubt beyond,
Of some lost crew.

“’Tis this in French—so far as I can get
The meaning straight :
‘Six shipwrecked on the Island of Cosette’—
And then a date.

“Three thousand miles, methinks, from shore to
shore
The Albatross
Had fled,—three thousand miles, poor bird, she
bore
Her tale of loss ;

“Poor faithful bird ! and she has paid her debt
Of loyalty ;
But those six shipwrecked, on the island yet
May surely be.

"To save those six, if there be any chance,

We can but choose."—

Then swift the electric message flashed to France

The sea-bird's news.

And back it came : "We make this matter ours ;

A ship we send,

Swift as the Albatross who pledged her powers

To stand their friend."

The ship was sent. Those six who lingered yet

'Twixt hope and dread,

Upon the dreary island of Cosette,

And counted dead,

Who staked their all upon a sea-bird's wings,

These knew again

Their home and country, and the balm this brings

To balance pain.

O Albatross ! poor faithful Albatross !

Who bravely bore

Thy message those three thousand miles across

From shore to shore,

To thee has no one set a monument?

At least, methought,

They keep the metal band with notch and dent

By damage wrought,

The band that chafed thy pretty neck. Alas!

We lightly cherish

The memory of our saviours once we pass

The harm, nor perish!

Thy story soon will be forgotten quite,—

Already half!

So have I sought, O Albatross, to write

Thine epitaph.

‘OTHER EYES THAN OURS’

I

“YEA,” said the Priest, “were I but worldly-wise,
I like to others might indite a book,
To take a jaded public by surprise,
And make it stare and ask and long to look
On things that wake its wonder. Do you think
The writing of such books be worth the ink?”

II

“Not I, at least. I do not choose unpack
The storehouse of my stories, gathered in
From Palace, Market, Alley—white and black,
(More often grey)—mixed narratives of sin
And righteousness—of lower against the higher,
And fair ideal dragged down by low desire.

III

"I do not choose. For me, these piteous tales
 Of what men might be, yet of what they are,
 Have sacredness. Our inmost nature hails
 From God at first. If we do roll it far
 Down the world's sloping, smooth declivity
 'Tis cause for tears,—not curiosity."

IV

"Yet have you not," I urged, "some tale to tell
 Too beautiful for tears!—beyond the touch
 Of curiosity? Of Heaven and Hell
 With Heaven upon the winning side—none such?
 Must you weep always? Do you never smile?"
 "Yea," said the Priest again, "once in a while."

V

x "And then?" I asked. He answered me: "And
 then
 Impatient talk about a thankless lot
 Loses its meaning; for I see how men
 Are watched for, and the rest goes by forgot.
 We do not dwell upon our nightmare dreams
 When the gold glory of the sunlight streams."

VI

X

And as one sees the lengthening summer-light
Creeping along the meadow-lands in June,
So did his smile my questionings requite,—
A smile of happy memory ;—and soon
I knew it must translate itself in speech ;
And thus we waited, smiling each on each.

VII

X

“ Ay! souls are watched for,” mused the Priest aloud,
As speaking rather to himself than me ;
“ And means we reckon not as such allowed
When nothing else, perchance, could make us see ;
For at the best we merely guess the end,
Nor know we whither simplest things do tend.

VIII

“ One evening I had closed my door for rest,
And bade the boy who served let no one in ;
If work, I said, be taken as a test
Of what is done the Master's cause to win,
Then have I much fulfilled, though fruits be few.
To-night I will have rest,—it is my due.

IX

"And as I spake of rest, the boy who served
Came to my chamber with a troubled air,
And when I asked him wherefore he had swerved
From my commandment,—what had brought him
there

To spoil my solitude, the lad replied :
'A lady asks for you and waits outside.'

X

"'Nay ! what of that,' I answered peevishly,
'Must I no rest nor early take nor late ?
The poor—maybe the poor claim urgency,
Their time is precious—but the rich can wait ;
The rich have palliatives to soothe their sorrow,
Leisure is one ; let her return to-morrow.'

XI

"Then swift that lady with a silent grace
Passed to my presence as the boy went by ;
'To-morrow ? Nay,' she said, 'who thinks to place
To-morrow in the days of those who die ?
Rise up ! Go forth ! Oh, Priest, thou shouldst not
see
Or poor or rich—only the need of thee.'

XII

"I had no word wherewith to answer her,
She seemed to fill the room with holiness
That hushed my peevish speech, and sent a stir
Of zeal revived to sweep the wilderness
For any wandering sheep. Yet as I stood
Wondering at her, the summons she renewed :

XIII

"O Father ! thou who carest for the weal
Of human souls, one claims thy nurture now ;
Ere judgment on his record set the seal,
Ere Death have laid its fingers on his brow,
Go forth. If thou deny me in this thing
Thou art no shepherd but an hireling.'

XIV

"She turned, and in her eyes I saw great tears,
Such as for erring sons good mothers shed,
And in a humbler tone she prayed : 'My fears
Bid me insist. I would not have him dead
To-night, impenitent and unforgiven,
To wander æons long with souls unshriven.'

XV

" 'Be of good comfort,' I replied, 'I go ;
My Master's work may not be set aside.'
Then would I somewhat question her, when lo !
No lady stood beside me—only wide
The chamber door was set, and as it were
The rustle of her raiment on the stair.

XVI

" But on a sheet of paper, blank before,
Was writ a name, a number, and a street ;
And never doubting that God holds in store
More ways than one His purpose to complete,
Then went I straightway forth, and I did seem
Led as one might be walking in a dream.

XVII

" Yet sore perplexed was I to find the truth
Seem other than the mission laid on me ;
I found nor death nor sickness,—but a youth
Sipping life's brimming goblet tranquilly,
With not a thought beyond the passing pleasure,
And how to fill his hours of endless leisure ;

XVIII

“A courteous youth who bade me share his meal,
 (Laid as for one who lived on dainty things)
As I had been his friend ; nor made me feel
 The shame that wonder manifested brings ;
No question did he ask, and I, content,
Took his goodwill and waited the event.

XIX

“And we discoursed discursively as men
 Whose wits are keen, whose interests are diffused ;
We laughed or reasoned, turn by turn,—and then
 The youth left speaking suddenly and mused,
While I did meditate on him and scan
His mien and mood, so I might read the man.

XX

“A waste of much (thus did my judgment run)
 Where many precious gifts have been bestowed,
Chances let slip and good deeds left undone,
 Self-will uncurbed, with passion for its goad ;
Yet, round the lips and brow already traced
A latent yearning to redeem this waste.

XXI

"O Boy! thought I, is there no soul who cares
Whither your heedless life of sin must tend?
And as the pity stirred me, unawares
I looked, and saw a woman's eyes did bend
On him and me ;—a picture,—nothing more,
Yet had I seen that lady's face before.

XXII

"I know not if I spake, or if mine eyes
Did question him in silence ; but he said,—
Abruptly as they do who seek disguise
For tenderness : 'My mother—she is dead.'
Then more I marvelled what my mission meant,
For a strange shuddering awe my spirit rent.

XXIII

"And as before, so now, a consciousness
Had I of some exceeding purity
That seemed to fill the room with holiness ;
I felt it stand betwixt the youth and me,
And wrap us round and draw us each towards each,
And urge the one to hear,—the other teach.

X

XXIV

"We cannot tell, not one among us all,
Wherefore that is which we are drawn to do ;
It is not clear we answer to a call.

Some impulse blind and dumb, may point as true
As some sublime resolve laid out in prayer,
Or some high scheme close reasoned on with care.

X

XXV

"Our very duty is the thing we must.

Why was I seated at this rich man's feast,
Whose treasure told a tale of moth and rust ?

What part had I, God's consecrated priest,
With worldly talk and wine, thus drifting through
A night, with seemingly no work to do ?

XXVI

"He was my host, I could not straight begin,
In rude return for all his courteous show,
To challenge him with thoughtlessness and sin.

God's work, I ween, is not accomplished so.
'The thing that thou shalt speak thou shalt be shown.'
So happens it more often than we own.

XXVII

"That night, the thing that I was shown was this :
 Speak to this thoughtless boy about his mother ;
So thou wouldst touch his careless heart, nor miss
 The mark, shoot with this shaft ; there is no other.
Then following up his words I murmured : ' Dead !
And bitter tears for her perchance were shed ? '

XXVIII

"And as a tiny rift in walls of clay
 Will loose a flood no human force can bate,
Or as some common object by the way
 May start a scheme to change an empire's fate,
So did my simple words break through the fence
Of cold reserve that barred his confidence.

XXIX

"And thus he told me many piteous things :
 How through his happy boyhood he lay lapped
In those high thoughts a woman's presence brings
 Whose life is holy ; and how death had snapt
The bond that bound them,—thrust her hand from
 his,
And bade him walk alone to face what is ;

XXX

“Bade him go on at sixteen years alone
With both hands steeped in wealth, to face the
world ;
Was I surprised to hear that he had sown—
(He asked it with the cynic's lip that curled)
Tempted, untutored, flattered and unfriended—
Tares in the soil his mother's hand had tended ?

XXXI

X “Naught else to expect ! What lad of equal years,
With half the fortune he was free to touch,
Left in an atmosphere whose contact sears
The conscience quickly, but had done as much ?
He had known good—yet evil, it was meet
He knew as well,—else life were incomplete.

XXXII

X “How could he tell the creed his mother taught
Was truth at all ? There seemed so many doubts,
It was not worth his while to credit aught !
But pleasures to his hands and welcome shouts
Of popularity,—well, these he thought
Were surer than the creed his mother taught.

XXXIII

"Five years of this, and he had gone the round
Of all the selfish follies man can try ;
It did not take five years ere he had found
There was not anything he could not buy.—
At this I caught his words. 'Nay now,' I said,
'Have you bought Peace?' He answered : 'Am I
dead?'

XXXIV

"I understood the tortuous wayward drift
Of thought that underlay his bitter speech.
I said : 'The world's conclusions you are swift
To catch ; far other did your mother teach.'
He almost sobbed : 'My mother—yea—alas !
If she had lived—I know not.—Let that pass !'—

XXXV

"'I will not let it pass,' I answered quick ;
For I perceived the mention of her name
Conjured up thoughts that crowded on him thick
And strong, and made him hide his face for shame.
'I will not let it pass ; think as you will,
Scoff or forget, she watches o'er you still.'

XXXVI

“At this he brake down utterly and wailed,
As any little frightened child might do :
‘O mother ! mother !’—and his cry availed
To loose from out his heart the measure due
Of penitence. He bowed his head and wept,
And old emotions waked that long had slept.

XXXVII

X “What followed ask me not. ’Twas consecrate
Betwixt us twain with God to witness it.
And yet even now I might not contemplate
The meaning whole across my mission writ.
From point to point I walked as I was bid
By outside promptings—the conclusion hid.

XXXVIII

“And when towards dawn I left his house and went,
Well pleased at first, foreboding thoughts began :
Albeit ’tis well, I said, that he repent—
That he should spread his sins for me to scan,
Yet all the world is on the other side,—
Habit is strong, and will not be denied ;

XXXIX

X
"Albeit 'tis well that he should pass his word
To pledge his new-born penitence this morn
Before God's altar,—yet will grace conferred
Abide to strengthen when he sees the scorn
Of those so late his monitors in ill?
The climber slackens speed who climbs up hill,

XL

"And he who pulls to-day against the stream
Perchance to-morrow drops his oars to drift.—
Yet did I chase these doubts, for I did deem
'Twas not for me God's hidden ways to sift.
How further help the youth, that should I feel
When at the altar I should see him kneel.

XLI

"And he would come ; I doubted not of that.
So in my place that morn I led the prayer,
And heard the hymn go up, and joyed thereat,
For in my heart I said : The boy is there,
Amid the worshippers his head is bent ;
None worthier makes to-day his sacrament.

XLII

“But when the faithful few before me knelt,
While I did bless their faith,—and all had passed,
And gone their way, the assurance I had felt
Lay withered as a plant before the blast.
Of what avail, I groaned, aught I have done?
There is no steadfastness in any one!

XLIII

“Yet had I sworn he had not thus been slack,
His promise made, that promise to redeem!
His word once given, he had not thus gone back
Upon that word. What? Did he merely seem
To know the passion of repentance? Feign
A player's part my good-will to retain?

XLIV

“It could not be! And swift did I retrace
My steps, until I stood before his door.
Then did I learn how God does keep His grace,
Where least we guess, for feeble man in store.
That tale confessed of folly and of sin,
That piteous prayer some worthier way to win,

XLV

"Was poured from lips that made their last appeal.
The meaning of those words : One claims thee
now,
Ere judgment on his record set the seal,
Ere death have laid its fingers on his brow,—
Clear in the light of this last fact I read :
Living I left him ;—now I found him dead !

XLVI

" And since that day I have been mute and meek
When men declaim and cry : we should do this
To set the world aright. I dare not speak,
Who know how man's conclusions work amiss.
God only sees the meaning that there be
Hid in the whole of Life's vast mystery."

LOVE'S PRESAGE

I

SHE stood and watched the driving rain
That dripped along the upper eaves,
And slid athwart the window-pane,

And pattered down the laurel leaves ;
She saw the brook a river grown,

A brook the gutter ; by the pond
The wind had laid the rushes prone,
And all was desolate beyond !

She said : " 'Tis nigh

Our meeting hour,

Though winds be high

And storm-clouds lower."

The wind amid the pine-trees roared,
And round the solid chimney-stack ;
Behind the gaping wainscot-board

It shrieked for joy to find a crack,
And shook the door with sudden jolt,
And backward swept with lessening din,

Then wrenched the lattice, burst the bolt,
As it would force an entrance in.

“Yet would I go!”

Was still her cry,

“Though light be low,
And winds be high!”

“Dear love!” they said, and answered soft,
As she had been a sickly child,

“You cannot see or copse or croft,
For blinding rain that driveth wild;

You cannot hear a human call

Three paces from the open door,

Then wait,—the hurricane will fall

And sunshine light the way once more.”—

She said: “Dear friends,

Ye may not know

’Tis Wilfrid sends,

And I would go.

“If I should wait until the gale

Sink to the sobbing of a child,

If I should wait till rain and hail

To clearer skies be reconciled,

'Twere all as one I did not hear,
'Twere all as one I did not see,
'Twere all as one his presence near
Had never passed to summon me ;
Ye would not will
That I should fail ”
(She shuddered chill)
“ For gloom or gale ?

“ Nay ; tell me not 'tis five years back
He went away ; that all engrossed
He followeth still the explorer's track.
And some there be that count him lost ;
And some there be that doubt his faith ;
And some there be that deem him dead,
For I have seen him—not his wraith ;
He liveth and he comes,” she said.

“ Though winds be high,
And light be low,
And I should die,
Yet would I go !

“ Dear father ! 'tis no fancy's freak,
Nor am I mad nor am I wrong,

Nor would I have you judge me weak,
For love and faith have made me strong :
And so I face the tempest's rush
So surely, surely shall we meet ;—
But so I bide the after-hush,
So surely shall we never meet.
It is not I
That willeth this,
Nor know I why
That so it is !”

Her father blest her as she stood ;
Her mother kissed her weeping wild ;
Her sister said : “ For ill or good
We may not cross her, thus beguiled ;
So be she fancy Wilfrid call,
She will not live if she remain,
Nor would I dare, in spite of all,
To counsel we had best detain.
The storm unspent ?
Nay, mother mine,
'Twere best she went ;
She will but pine.

“Go, little sister, as you list,
Go, meet your Wilfrid by the sea,
And when ye two again have kissed
Return with him to home and me.
God have you in His keeping, Sweet,
And grant your faith be more than proved ;
Ay ! give you something more complete
Than crowns the faith of most beloved !”

The sun declined
With ne'er a glow,—
Loud wailed the wind,
Now loud, now low.

II

There was a ship lay labouring on the sea,
There stood a crowd of watchers on the shore,
And ever and anon all tremblingly,
They might discern the pleading rocket soar.

Yet scarcely this. A dense and driving rain
Above with clouds, below with billows blent,
In one vast curtain stretched from sky to main,
And in its folds the struggling ship was pent.

They could not tell what build the vessel was,
They could not tell the colours that she bore ;
And who might dare to risk in such a cause
For lives already spent another score ?

'Tis easy talking ; but when seas run high,
And clouds are black and western winds are
loose,
And boats are less than cockle-shells, to try
Is simply courting death,—and where's the use ?

I do not know ; and yet I think some use
Is born of every effort to be brave ;
Though wisdom judge it all misunderstood,
And though it lay the struggler in his grave,

Some good is born ! One watcher deemed it so
Who scanned the storm apart a little space,
Else wherefore did she cry : “ Will no one go ?
Leave prudence and put pity in its place ! ”

I do not think she thought of Wilfrid then ;
She had no thought of wherefore she was there ;

Her soul was centred on those drowning men,
And all her pity given to their despair.

“Have ye no boats?” she cried, “nor any oars?
Nor any men with stalwart arms to row?
Nor any pity in those hearts of yours?
I would I were a man, for I would go!

“Ay! I would go! ’Twere shame they should
believe
Not one would raise a helping hand—not one!
And if ye win, what sweeter thing to achieve?
And if ye fail, a noble deed is done!”

And so they caught her spirit, and they sped
To set a boat a-battling with the waves,
For all they knew those were as good as dead
They sought to save, and they as much might be.

And all her soul in following them was spent;
She had no thought of Wilfrid, where was he,—
No thought of her strange mission, what it meant,
And why he had not met her by the sea.

But her strong soul was prisoned in a frame
Too weak to hold it ; and this yearning brake
The fragile outwork, and the vital flame
Sped forth a limitless career to take !

And thus she died, still watching on the cliff,
While every man aboard that ship went down ;—
And on the calmer morrow, stark and stiff,
Upon the shore was Wilfrid's body thrown !



THE WOMAN AND THE SEA

"CAN you swim?" to the Woman said I,
As she stood by my side on the beach;
And but little I guessed how a story should lie
In the passionate answer, that came with a cry,
To the commonplace form of my speech!

For she turned her dark eyes upon me:—

"Do you know what you ask?" said the
Woman:

"Oh yes! I can swim like a fish in the sea,
I can swim, I can float, I can dive if need be,
With a skill that is better than human.

"I would lie in the sun on its breast,
For I trusted the Sea as a friend,—
As a friend to be played with or softly caressed,
Yea! I trusted the Sea from the east to the west,
And it played me a trick in the end!

“Let us go ! Let us go ! I am sad
Whenever I gaze on the Sea,
I am sad at my best ;—at my worst I am mad,
Till the Sea seems an emblem of all that is bad
In Mankind and in Nature and me !

“O reckless and rollicking Sea !
O pitiless Sea that could laugh
At the weakness of woman ! my curse is on thee,
O Sea that did claim such a tribute of me
One half of my treasure—one half !

“Out there on yon island one day,
Did we lounge in the summer-tide heat,
He and I ;—O the mood of my Loved One was gay,
And he sang me sweet songs, and our child was
at play
With the seaweed and shells at our feet.

“And the life-giving scent of the brine
Floated by on the breath of the breeze,
And we drank of its strength as the feeble drink wine,
And I thanked the Almighty my Loved One was
mine,
Given back from the grip of disease.

“So we toyed with the moments that fled,
Till the Sea rippled up to my feet;
And ‘To-morrow,’ in gentle derision it said,
‘When I ebb to the open ye three will be dead,
And the spoil of my daily retreat.’

“Then I looked in his eyes and said : ‘Speak !’
(And I caught up the child to my heart.)
‘O my Love, we must swim, we must swim for the
creek,
With the child on my shoulders because you are
weak,
If so be you can swim for your part !’

“Then he smiled as he said : ‘Have I fought
But so late for my life just for this ?
Have I grappled with Death, have I wrestled for
nought,
By the sea in a trap at the last to be caught ?
There is better to live for I wis !’

“And he shouted defiance : ‘We come
With thy strength to do battle, O Sea !

Though our sight should be dim and our limbs
 should be numb,
Shall man, who is master, be forced to succumb?'
 And the Sea rippled up to my knee.

“Then I answered: ‘O Love, you have
 spoken

 The thing that is bravest and best!’
So we kissed, and ‘Together,’ said I, ‘by this token
Our fate shall survive or together be broken!’—
 And the Sea rippled up to my breast.

“Out over the billows we merrily sped,
 With our eyes on this shore for a goal,
And the child on my shoulders knew nothing of
 dread,
But he laughed as the waters rolled over my head,
 And his laughter uplifted my soul.

“On over the billows we valiantly strained,
 Till my Loved One made moan at my side,
And the smile that I gave him was woefully feigned,
For I knew how his strength had been cruelly
 drained,
 And the distance before us was wide!

“On over the billows we wearily went,
But I—I was swimming for three,
For the strength of my Loved One was utterly spent,
And no longer he swam, but he heavily leant
(And I had the child !) upon me.

“Then the Sea whispered low : ‘I refuse
Safe conduct, O Woman, to all,
But I give thee a choice of thy treasure to lose ;
The man in his prime or the infant—so choose,
Lest I prison the three in my thrall.’

“O cruel and treacherous Sea !
O merciless Sea to exact
Such a toll of my weakness ! My curse is on thee,
O Sea that could drive a hard bargain with me,
And burden my soul with a pact !

“Then the Sea thundered loud : ‘Wilt thou
choose,
O Woman ? The curse be thine own,
If I give thee thy choice and thou dare to refuse !
In a contest with me thou art fated to lose ;
I will take them and leave thee alone !’

“ O faithless and horrible Sea !

O Sea I had loved as my friend !

Mine emblem of all that was generous and free !

O Sea that had taught me to lean upon thee,

To play me a trick in the end !

“ One clutch at the dimpled wee wrist,

One heave of my shoulders—but one,

A quiver—a shock—and the waves in a mist

As I struggled and struck,—and or ever I wist,

The thing that I dreaded was done !

“ Do not ask me again : Can I swim ?

When I look at his toys on the shelf,

Do you wonder with weeping mine eyes should
grow dim ?

Yes, the child in the cradle reminds me of him,

But it is not the same as himself !

“ Let us go, let us go. By the gate

My Loved One is waiting for me ;—

Since for weal or for woe we have woven one fate,

It is only his love can out-balance the hate

That I owe to the pitiless Sea !

“It is much that he lives? Yes, I know ;

Do you think I am thankless for this ?

It is much that the world by his knowledge doth
grow,

That he loves me and lives and is famous. But O !

We have paid,—we have paid for our bliss !”

A MISUNDERSTANDING IN CHURCH

IN country churches long ago
A custom grew,—as customs grow,
No one could tell you how or when,—
That while the hymn was chaunted, then
The parson or the clerk should read
The verse by lines, the choir to lead,
And also for the benefit
Of such as had not mastered it,
Who knew not what the words might be,
Who could not read or could not see ;
For spectacles were not, as now,
A common sight on every brow,
While there were those, I grieve to say,
Who could not read that came to pray !

One afternoon the light was low ;
At four o'clock 'tis often so

On gloomy days at Christmas-tide ;
The parson turned from side to side,
He held his book now up, now down,
His brows were puckered to a frown,
And all the choir were on their feet,
With fingers raised the time to beat,—
A choir composed of none but men,
Who did not don the surplice then,
For whom no organ played the tune,
But fiddle, clarionet, bassoon.

The parson sought in vain the verse ;
Each moment made the twilight worse,
And then, before the expectant crowd,
He spake his troubled thought aloud :
“Methinks the light is growing dim !
I cannot see to read the hymn.”
The choir were ready with the note ;
At once, as from a single throat :
“Methinks the light is growing dim !
I cannot see to read the hymn,”
They sang ;—then paused for more to come.

The parson stared and waited, dumb,—
Then shook his venerable head,

And raised his spectacles and said,
In strident tones, concise and clear,
So all the assembled flock might hear :
“ I did not give you forth the hymn ;
I said : The light is growing dim ! ”
And all the choir burst forth again
To end the uncompleted strain :
“ I did not give you forth the hymn ;
I said : The light is growing dim ! ”

But ending thus their idle verse
The thing had gone from bad to worse ;
The parson stared no longer now
With meek surprise upon his brow ;
He gathered up his gown and book,
He gave them one tremendous look,—
The book he hurled, that hit its mark
And cleft the forehead of the clerk,
The while he cried with flashing eye,
And threatening fists uplifted high :
“ I did not give the hymn at all ;
I think the Devil is in you all ! ”

A DEED OF GRACE

THEY bore three corpses through the crowded city,
And strangers pressed amain,
With words of praise and pride and looks of pity,
To view that funeral train.

“Whom do ye follow thus?” I did inquire,
And whispers by me sped,
How only three days back had raged a fire,
And these they bore,—~~the dead~~—*twas said,*

Had died to save a household. All the three
Came draped with dingy pall,
But two as flowering gardens were to see ; —
The third was bare of all.

No rose, no lily, as the others had,
In liberal measure given,
No sprig of jessamine his coffin clad,
No gold-eyed daisy even ;

He had no friends, nor any one who cared
To show with ~~lawful~~ pride *coming*
How he among the rest had nobly dared,
And nobly daring, died.

And as they told me this, the tears did spring
With sympathetic stress,
To think a heart so brave should be a thing
Of utter loneliness!

poor
Not many paces off a girl ~~there~~ stood,
Large-eyed, and ^{poor} wan and pale,
Whose daily task it was as livelihood
To offer flowers for sale.

'Twas all I knew of her, or then or now;—
They called her Margaret,
And poverty, its pinch on lips and brow
Had prematurely set.

Doubtless that sunny morn she stood in hope
Large profit she might win
Of her gay wares—roses and heliotrope,
And pinks and jessamine.

And

But those slow-moving coffins passed her too,
As they by me had passed,
When ~~And~~ suddenly, with kindling eyes, she threw
Her flowers across the last.

And the rich blossoms fell this way and that,
h! ~~Athwart~~ ^{over} the dingy pall.
h! ~~Aye~~! she had done a deed to wonder at,
For she had given her all.

I saw her basket after ; not one flower
Left hid within a chink ;
'd She flung them every one in that sweet shower,
h! Rose, heliotrope, and pink,

And with them, flung away her daily bread ;—
But by this gift she gave,
(In impulse if you will) the friendless dead
Went honoured to his grave.

A FABLE OF FLORENCE

FOUNDED ON FACT

FROM far-off heaven in various spheres,
One winter morn of recent years,
The Great, who owed to Florence birth,
Came back to see this spot of earth.
Their city they had held a gem,
(Made mostly so, indeed, by them,)
And all their work well worth the trouble,
In such a climate gaining double.
Imagine then their sad surprise ;
They scarce believed their smarting eyes !
Instead of sky of cloudless blue,
And clear-cut hills of every hue,
Instead of flashing domes and towers
Bright in the early morning hours,
A dense and chilly fog they found,
That hung in folds about the ground,

And curled and crept around their feet,—
They could not see across the street !

First Dante in his scarlet gown
Met Machiavelli in the town ;
Said he (with his habitual frown),
“ If this goes on I can’t help thinking
I very soon must take to drinking ! ”
Replied the other : “ Were it handy
I’d give my statesmanship for brandy ! ”
Next, groping onwards, sure and slow,
The mighty Michael-Angelo
Observed to Fra Angelico :
“ I gave them Twilight long ago,
But then I gave them Dawn as well.”
“ Will none this filthy fog dispel ? ”
Cried Benvenuto in despair ;
“ They cannot see my Perseus there ! ”
Brave Brunelleschi, wandering round,
His own Cathedral never found ;
And poor Ghiberti knocked his pate
Against his own immortal gate ;
While Alfieri tried the feat
Of driving tandem through the street,

Which failed ; and having come to grief
Goldoni came to his relief,
His snuff-box tapped, and made a joke
On " smoking snuff and snuffing smoke ;"
But still, whichever way they took it,
They all agreed they could not brook it,
So, for the city Spirit sent,
And asked her, What the deuce it meant ?

" It means, great sirs," the Spirit said,
" That things have changed since you are dead ;
To native charms no more we cling,
For what's quite English is the thing,
And (though I own we're none the gainer)
We all are bit by Anglo-Mania.
Our streets resound to English speech,
It is the first new tongue we teach,
We've English Horses, English Broughams,
We've English Jockeys, English Grooms,
We've English Bakers, English Bread,
And very English Marmalade ;
We've Crosse and Blackwell's English Jams,
We've English Shoddy, English Shams ;
In what concerns the cut of clothes

The English lead us by the nose,
And even our peasants now despise
Their own, to dress in English guise,—
Instead of kerchief, dirty bonnet,
With fourth-hand draggled feather on it !
Stage-managers who seek to please
Must advertise an English ‘ Mees,’
And words of English origin
You’ll find our daily papers in ;
We cut our food with English Knives,
We’ve very often English Wives,
We’ve English Coals and English Drains,
We’ve English Mud and English Rains,
We splash about in English Togs,—
And now we’ve got the English *Fogs* ! ”

The Great returned from whence they came,
Too sad to utter words of blame,
But felt, whate’er might be the cause,
Their Florence not the thing she was !
Years hence should they return again,
I wonder how they’ll find her then ?

SMOKE; A MONOLOGUE

(She, alone, after carefully looking to see that the door is closed.)

I REALLY do think they are all safely out of the way at last,—Mamma, Grandmamma, George, Harry, Alicia, and the children, the children's governess, who is so easily offended, and Alicia's maid, who is so exceedingly obliging. The difficulty I've had to get rid of them all in order to secure a quiet half-hour by myself would be beyond belief, if the inquisitiveness and tactlessness of other people wasn't a rule which takes no exception to prove it. Thank goodness! I'm *not* inquisitive. Whenever any one tells me that he or she has a headache, has business letters to write,—doesn't want to be disturbed,—I take it for granted that he or she is engaged in something nothing less than wicked—and naturally I don't want to know anything about it!—Well, I want to be alone for half-an-hour—no, it's nothing wicked, only rather wrong

—at least, not quite good,—I mean, it mayn't be quite good for me. But of course we none of us know what we can do till we try, and we can't possibly tell what's good for us till we've found out. I'm going to make an experiment. Hush! (*almost in a whisper*) I'm going to smoke a cigarette. I've never smoked one before, and I don't know a bit how to do it. I don't even know if I shall like it—and I don't know if it will like me; but I'm going to-morrow to stay at Castle Crazy, where all the women smoke, and I would die sooner than betray my old-fashioned ignorance.—When I went into the tobacconist's this morning—(*suddenly*) Who's there? Harry? Oh, I wish you would leave me alone! I've got such a splitting headache. (*Leans back in her chair and puts handkerchief over her eyes.*) No, I can *not* come out and help you to choose fishing-tackle and salmon flies. Which are you to get? A "Jock Scott" or a "Blue Doctor." You'll have to get a blue doctor for me if you don't leave me in peace. What an inhuman brute you are—when I can't hold up my head or see out of my eyes! Oh, *do* go. If you want me to be fit for anything this evening, *go*. (*Waits a moment,*

then cautiously removes the handkerchief; selects a cigarette.) Now I thought of course that cigarettes were cigarettes, so I went into the tobacconist's this morning, feeling awfully nervous and shy, and rather guilty, and said, "Cig'rettes, please."—"Beg pardon?" said the man. "Some ci-gar-ettes, please," I replied with more dignity. "Cigarettes—certainly. Russians or Egyptians?" Now I hadn't the faintest idea. "Whatever would be most suitable for a lady, please," I said helplessly. "Oh well!" he said, "there's lydies and lydies—some likes 'em all piper an' nò 'baccy, and some likes 'em all 'baccy an' no piper. I prefers an Egyptian myself, but if it's for a lydy I'd sy Russians! Cork tips or without?" "Oh, please give me whatever would be best for a lady who has never smoked before," I said; and I hoped that he'd think, by that, I was buying them for somebody else! I don't know what he really gave me in the end, but I paid a penny apiece for them, and here they are. (*Holds cigarette up between her fingers.*) Now, the only part of smoking I *do* understand is the way to hold the cigarette—so—between the first and second finger; not between the finger and thumb. Oh dear no!

Not on any account. When I get to Castle Crazy, if I can't do anything more I shall be able to trifle with my cigarette—so—to toy with it—so—(*suddenly*) Who's there? Mamma? (*Hastily puts cigarette back in box and throws her handkerchief over it.*) Oh, all right, Mamma dear, I'll be down presently. (*Takes up a pen and pretends to be writing.*) I'm just finishing a letter to the Cape—the mail goes to-morrow, you know, and I wouldn't miss it for worlds;—they think so much of letters out there. Who'm I writing to? Oh, only poor little Charley Briggs—he's shut up in one of those horrid South African republics. Thanks so much—I'll be down presently. (*Waits, then lays down her pen cautiously.*) I couldn't put Mamma off with a headache,—she'd have insisted on coming in with salvolatile, quinine, anti-pyrine, and a shopful of drugs!—but if she goes and tells Harry I'm writing to Charley Briggs at the Cape, and he tells her I've got a splitting headache, I shall have them both back directly to know what it means. I've no time to lose. Where's the match-box? (*Finds match-box.*) Now for a light, and I believe the correct way to strike a light for smoking is to strike it on the sole

of one's boot or shoe. (*Puts up her foot, approaches the match, then recoils; tries to do it sitting, then standing; fails.*) It seems an awfully dangerous thing to do, with one's petticoats all about. (*Tries again, holding her dress away.*) I wonder if the women at Castle Crazy strike their lights on their shoes? Anyhow I think I'll learn to do that another time. (*Strikes a match on match-box.*) I want to get through the smoking now—(*suddenly*) Who's there? Bobby? Oh, run away, darling, now—Auntie's much too tired to play with Bobby. No, Auntie doesn't at all want to play at being a puff-puff (*hastily blows match out*), but if Bobby will run away now to Nana, like a good little boy, Auntie will give him a box of cigarettes—chocolates, I mean—after tea. Ta-ta, there's a pet! (*Pauses a moment, then strikes another match and takes up cigarette.*) Now I've got the match I'm not quite sure how to light the cigarette. I wonder whether there's a right and wrong end? Oh! I know what I ought to have! I ought to have a hat! I've often seen Harry light his cigar in a hat. I wonder if this would do. (*Takes up an elaborately trimmed hat and tries to light the cigarette in it. Drops cigarette, and light*

goes out.) I think this must be too big; my sailor hat would do better—only I haven't got it here. Oh dear! I wish I'd got my sailor-hat! I shall never get the stupid thing lighted—let alone smoked!—*(suddenly)* Who's there? No, thanks—I don't want anything. It's Alicia's maid, who is always so exceedingly obliging. No, thank you, Spinks—I don't want my sailor-hat; please don't trouble. It's very kind of you to offer—but I don't really want the sailor-hat, I don't indeed. Thanks so much all the same. *(Pauses, then picks up cigarette.)* I'm beginning to think I shall never get through it after all. *(Strikes another match; tries to light cigarette without putting it in her mouth.)* It's very odd—why doesn't it light? Oh! I know—I believe I ought to put it in my mouth and breathe hard; I think that's the way Harry does it. *(Tries again, with better success. Has just got it alight; turns suddenly.)* Who's that calling? Oh, dear! it's Grandmamma's voice. She mustn't come up on any account. *(Runs to the door.)* What is it, Grannie? A smell of something burning? Oh no—I don't think so. You're coming up to make quite sure? Oh no, don't do that

—the stairs are so bad for your heart. *I'll* make quite sure. (*Sniffs about the room.*) No, there's no smell of burning—there isn't indeed—I've been sealing a letter, that's all. No, I'm quite sure there isn't anything on fire in my room. (*Holds up cigarette.*) Even that has gone out again! You're sure the house is on fire? I'm quite sure it isn't.—Or a chimney? Well, it isn't *my* chimney.—You shall send George up to sprinkle salt in the grate.—Oh dear! oh dear! she's given an alarm of fire all through the house. (*In despair.*) I hear mamma's voice asking if we oughtn't to send for the Fire Brigade—and there's Harry proposing to go on the roof.—Oh! if he'd only go there instead of coming here—and George is coming to sprinkle salt in the grate—and Spinks is suggesting wet blankets—and the children are beginning to cry—and the governess has gone into hysterics. Well, the only thing for me to do is to steal out by the other door and hide the cigarettes in my bonnet-box! (*Defiantly.*) I'll find out how to smoke a cigarette before I get to Castle Crazy, if I have to smoke it in the train! (*Exit on tip-toe, with cigarettes under her handkerchief.*)

THE DEUCE OF CLUBS

A DUOLOGUE

CHARACTERS.

MURIEL (*a young married lady*).

MRS. CATERMOLE MACFADIE.

SCENE—*A drawing-room. Five o'clock tea.*

MURIEL *at entrance on the right.*

Muriel (speaking off). But, Arthur! Arthur! do give me an answer before you go. Do tell me *why* you object to my attending a meeting at the Ishmaelites Club? Because you object to the club. But that isn't any answer at all. Why do you object to it? Eh? Because you don't think it's a nice place for your wife to be seen at. But *why* isn't it a nice place? Because they meddle with things they had better leave alone. Have you ever been there? No! Then how can you possibly tell? No, I shan't take your word for it

that it's a rotten concern. Oh!—you don't want to call this confounded club by its right name, nor say all you think of it, because you don't care to be quoted! In fact you expect me to submit to your unreasonableness because you haven't the courage to be honest. How like a man! Really, Arthur, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. Why do they call themselves Ishmaelites? *I* don't know. Find out? How am I to find out, if you won't let me go? What? You know I mean to go of course. Wait a minute! Arthur! Arthur! Oh—he's gone! (*Comes forward.*) How very irritating some men can be when they choose!—even nice men—even a man one's really fond of! And how hideously unreasonable! Arthur of all men beginning to take things seriously. Can't he see that I don't care who or what these Ishmaelites are? Dare say it *is* a rotten concern, and that they *do* meddle with things they'd better leave alone—but that's just the joke. I only want to be up to date and in the know. (*Begins to make tea.*) It doesn't suit Arthur at all to take things seriously. Who was it said: "If you look at life it's a comedy,—if you think about it, it's a tragedy"?

I must say Arthur and I don't often do more than look at life—and between us we find it awfully amusing ;—but one's amusements, like one's dresses or one's furniture, want furbishing up sometimes. (*Speaking off as if to a servant*) A lady wants to know if I'll see her? What name did she give? Mrs. Catermole MacFadie. Oh—I suppose so. (*To herself.*) Mrs. Cater-mole Mac-Fadie. (*Shakes her head, shrugs her shoulders, and waits with an air of amused bewilderment. Enter MRS. CATERMOLE MACFADIE. MURIEL bows, and waits for MRS. C. M. to begin.*)

Mrs. Catermole MacFadie. As we are about to have the satisfaction of shortly numbering you as one of Us, I have deemed it my duty to call and state my intention of *myself* proposing your forthcoming election—

Muriel (bewildered). Thanks so much. Where will you sit? (*They both sit.*) Now *would* you mind telling me once more your object in kindly calling upon me this afternoon? I'm afraid I don't quite follow. What is it you propose—?

Mrs. C. M. You, madam—you.

Muriel. Thanks so much. But why me?

Mrs. C. M. Dear Lady, when I mention that you see before you Mrs. Catermole MacFadie, President of the Amalgamated Belligerents—

Muriel. Of the what?

Mrs. C. M. Of the Amalgamated Belligerents—

Muriel (helplessly). But what *is* an Amal-magated Belligerent? I'm afraid I'm very stupid—

Mrs. C. M. (condescendingly). Well—you have heard of the Ishmaelites Club, of course?

Muriel (briskly). Oh! of course!

Mrs. C. M. And of the Clean-sweepers League?

Muriel (with hesitation). I—I—think so.

Mrs. C. M. Exactly. Now, the Ishmaelites Club and the Clean-sweepers League have united their forces under one banner as the Amalgamated Belligerents.

Muriel. Ah! now *you* will be able to tell me! Why *do* they call themselves Ishmaelites?

Mrs. C. M. My dear lady, the significance is almost too transparent. (*Rising.*) Is not our hand against every Man—*Man* as distinct from *Woman*? The device of the Ishmaelites Club has ever been Two Swords crossed, and its motto: "War to the Knife!" As for the Clean-sweepers League, of

which I have long been the life-blood and the brain, its insignia is a Besom, and its motto : "A clean sweep of everything." Thus, the crusades of the Sword and of the Besom were alike marching over the same ground towards one identical end, and I, with the unerring instinct of the born initiator of great movements, recognized the unassailable strength of our combined forces under one banner as the Amalgamated Belligerents. Allow me to present you with a copy of our literary organ, *The New Broom*, in which you will find a report *in extenso* of my speech at our last meeting, when the Clean-sweepers League consented to identify its work with that of the Ishmaelites Club. (*Presents MURIEL with a copy of 'The New Broom.'*)

Muriel. Thanks so much. I've been so anxious to find out something about the Ishmaelites Club. May I give you some tea?

Mrs. C. M. (still standing). No tea for me, I thank you. The Amalgamated Belligerents set their faces like flint against the frivolity and flippancy of the tea-table. A few years ago our present widespread Society had its humble origin

in the Anti-Five-o'clock Tea Club, the members of which undertook to return to Parliament, the County Council, *and* the School Board, such persons *only* as would pledge themselves to promote the total abolition of five o'clock tea. Our argument is this. Much that is objectionable may take place round the five o'clock tea-table. Therefore five o'clock tea is pernicious. Sweep it away! (*She makes an expressive gesture, and knocks the tea-cup out of MURIEL'S hand, breaking it.*) We are nothing if not logical.

Muriel (aside, picking up the pieces.) An object-lesson with a vengeance! (*Aloud.*) Oh! don't trouble, please. It doesn't matter in the least. It reminds me of such a funny picture there is in this week's *Punch*. Have you seen it?

Mrs. C. M. (stiffly). I have not.

Muriel. Oh! I'm sure it would amuse you. It simply made us shriek with laughter—I and my husband;—it's *so* like what happens every day, you know;—and it's so capitally drawn too! (*Gives 'Punch' to MRS. C. M., who takes it without looking at it.*)

Mrs. C. M. (still standing). As a member of the

Anti-All-Amusement Association, better known as the Sour Grape Club—

Muriel (bewildered). What—another !

Mrs. C. M. (taking no notice). Which forms a branch of the Amalgamated Belligerents, I solemnly set my face against the publication of any comic newspaper or magazine whatsoever. At a large and influential meeting of the Sour Grape Club, with myself in the chair, a resolution was unanimously passed to make it a State question, and to return to Parliament, to the County Council, and the School Board, such persons *only* as would pledge themselves to the total suppression of comic newspapers. Our argument is this : much mischievous and frivolous matter may be printed in a comic newspaper, therefore the comic newspaper is pernicious ; sweep it away. (*Tears ‘Punch’ in two and casts it from her.*) We are nothing if not logical !

Muriel. But do tell me ! why do you and your clubs want to sweep away everything that is amusing—and nice ?

Mrs. C. M. Because—everything that is what you term amusing—and nice—is—ahem !

Muriel. Naughty?

Mrs. C. M. I have always found that to be the inevitable result!

Muriel. *You!* How can you know? Have you ever done anything—naughty?

Mrs. C. M. Certainly not.

Muriel. Then I suppose you've never done anything—nice?

Mrs. C. M. (sternly). My dear lady, that is begging the question. No one will deny that things that are wrong frequently have their roots in things that are right; therefore, things that are right are things that are wrong. We are nothing if not logical; and when you have once become a member of the Sour Grape Club, of the Ishmaelites Club, and of the Clean-sweepers League, you will understand these matters with a more enlightened apprehension.

Muriel. But this isn't anything new, is it? There have always been people who don't see fun in anything, and who want other people not to see it either, haven't there? Only nobody pays any attention—*really*—do they? At least not till they can't enjoy fun any more,—not till they're too old

to flirt, or too stiff to dance, or too dyspeptic to eat a good dinner !

Mrs. C. M. (as if addressing an audience). But we—we shall not wait for the co-operation of old age, rheumatism and dyspepsia ; every one will have to pay attention to Us, for with Us every question becomes a question of the State ; and when the Government shall find itself face to face with a parliamentary majority pledged to the State regulation, restriction, and even abolition of every existing pastime, it will find itself compelled to pass into Law the five stringent Bills by which we propose to shackle the frivolous and the flippant, and to safeguard the dulness of everybody !

Muriel. Five Bills ! You propose to bring five Bills before Parliament ?

Mrs. C. M. Five certainly—or six—it may be six. (*Counts on her fingers.*) A Bill for the compulsory closing of all Tea-Tables not specially licensed.

Muriel. Oh, some would be licensed ?

Mrs. C. M. Only such as would be organized for the promotion of the Cause as represented by the members of the Sour Grape Club, the Ishmael-

ites Club, and the Clean-sweepers League.—A Bill for the abolition of all games, from spillikins to chess, and from battledore to billiards, with special penalties attaching to any grown person who shall wilfully instruct a child how any game is played.—A Bill for compulsory substitution of the bicycle for the horse, in the interests of morality.—A Bill for—

Muriel. Oh, please stop a minute. I do so want to know why a bicycle is more moral than a horse?

Mrs. C. M. My dear lady, is not the blessed bicycle the needful locomotion of the poor, while the horse is but the costly toy of the rich? Many people cannot afford the luxury of a horse, therefore *no one* should be allowed the luxury of a horse. Sweep it away! We are nothing if not logical.

Muriel (eagerly). But surely there are many people who can't afford even a bicycle, so according to that argument—

Mrs. C. M. Not at all! We provide for every contingency. The Bill for the compulsory substitution of the bicycle for the horse will be supplemented by another, for the compulsory provision, in every parish, of this necessary means of locomotion. We

have Free Education, Free Libraries, Free Baths, Free Breakfasts—why not Free Bikes?

Muriel. But—

Mrs. C. M. As President of the Free-Wheel Club—

Muriel. What—another!

Mrs. C. M. I have special charge of this particular Bill.

Muriel. But *do* tell me! Who will pay for these Free Bikes? They're rather expensive, you know.

Mrs. C. M. The ratepayer—naturally.

Muriel. Oh, but supposing a ratepayer doesn't care for bicycling, supposing he hates the sight of a wheel—like my husband does—?

Mrs. C. M. That has nothing to do with it. It's not a question of what *you* want. Somebody else wants something, therefore you pay for it—

Muriel. That's where the morality comes in, I suppose. Well, I don't think Arthur will see the fun of being rated for the Free Wheel. For one thing, he says, *nothing* can ever make a woman look well on a bicycle. That's why he won't let me ride one.

Mrs. C. M. There now! That is exactly it!

Muriel (bewildered). Exactly what?

Mrs. C. M. (triumphantly). Now we come to the gist and point of the whole movement! Dear lady! the conclusion is almost too obvious. Anything that helps to make a woman unattractive in the eyes of Man—tends, of course, to the higher morality!

Muriel. Oh! I don't see that at all.

Mrs. C. M. You will in time, since it will be the mission of the Ishmaelites to enlighten you. The hand of the zealous Ishmaelites being avowedly against every Man, and her single aim being the reduction of man to his natural dimensions, we seek to bring home to man by our aspect and our behaviour that we intend to advance, to climb, to stand on our heads, to kick over our traces—*alone*—without any appeal either to his favour or his protection!

Muriel. Then I suppose you would have us all dressed like frights?

Mrs. C. M. To educate woman to a complete disregard of her personal appearance is the highest

aim of the Ishmaelites Club and the Clean-sweepers League.

Muriel. And do you think you will succeed ?

Mrs. C. M. We shall succeed when we have once made it a State question. As vice-president of the Guys Club—

Muriel. What ! Another !

Mrs. C. M. I drew up a Bill, which we intend to bring before Parliament, making it penal for any one to advertise or announce a change of fashion in dress oftener than once in twenty years ; and when we return to Parliament, to the County Council, and the School Board such persons *only* as are pledged to the total abolition—

Muriel (hastily.) Not of dress surely ?

Mrs. C. M. Every rag of it ! Sweep it away !

Muriel (indignantly.) Really, Mrs. Catermole MacFadie, this is going rather too far—even for a—a Crossing-sweepers League.

Mrs. C. M. I beg your pardon—Clean-sweepers.

Muriel (laughing ironically.) I don't see the difference. A crossing-sweeper ought to be a clean-sweeper, therefore a clean-sweeper ought to

be a crossing-sweeper ;—you're nothing if not logical you know !

Mrs. C. M. My dear lady, I observe a tendency to flippancy and frivolity which we must subject to a judicious pruning—

Muriel. By the typical knife of the Ishmaelite Club ! Thanks ! I candidly confess that I have been most anxious to find out more about the Ishmaelites Club—but, do you know, I really think I have seen quite enough of it.

Mrs. C. M. Dear lady—why, what have you seen of it—yet ?

Muriel (bowing). Mrs. Catermole MacFadie, I have seen *you*.

Mrs. C. M. (bridling). Oh, in me you see a great deal more than a representative of the Ishmaelites merely. Allow me to refer you to our organ, *The New Broom*, for a full recognition of my titles. I am known among my supporters as the Queen of Clubs !

Muriel. Oh yes ; I dare say ! (*Takes up 'The New Broom' ; reads*) “The New Broom, edited by Cassandra Catermole MacFadie, President of the Clean-sweepers League, of the Anti-Tea Club, and

the Free-Wheel Club, Chairwoman of the Sour-Grape Club, Vice-President of the Guys Club and the Ishmaelites Club."—Queen of Clubs! Mrs. Catermole MacFadie, you are the *very Deuce of Clubs!*

Mrs. C. M. Madam! I protest against such abusive language.

Muriel. You have destroyed my *Punch*, broken my tea-cup; you would deprive me of dress, and arm me with a knife against my own husband. It doesn't matter to me what you call yourself—a crossing-sweeper or an Ishmaelite, a sour-grape or a guy—you may be, and very likely are, each and all of these; but I quite agree with Arthur, that your club is a rotten concern, and that you talk about what you don't understand. Mrs. Catermole MacFadie, I wish you good-afternoon. (*Shows MRS. C. M. the door.*)

Mrs. C. M. (indignantly). Madam, I demand that you revoke—

Muriel (as indignantly). Mrs. Catermole MacFadie, I never revoke—I simply decline to follow suit to your lead.

Mrs. C. M. (at the door, flourishing a copy of 'The

New Broom' in each hand). Then, Madam, you shall be pilloried on every platform in England!

[*Exit.*

Muriel. Was any one ever invaded before by such a woman! Positively, the very Deuce of Clubs, if ever any one was! (*Listening.*) I *do* believe she hasn't gone yet. She has begun to pillory me already on my own doorstep—before the servants. (*At the door.*) Mrs. Catermole MacFadie, I pro——

[*Exit hurriedly.*

SUNBEAMS AT HOME¹

A FAIRY PLAY

CHARACTERS.

JACK (*a working-man who does not work*).

JILL (*his wife, an untidy person*).

THE SUNBEAM QUEEN.

ESMERALDA } *Chief Sunbeams.*
ARGENTINE }

Chorus of Sunbeams.

SCENE I.

(JACK'S cottage, dark and dirty. Window covered with cobwebs. Two chairs and a shaky table, all dirty. Some unwashed plates, knives, and forks. JACK'S clothes in holes, his boots undone. A shabby hat hangs on a peg.)

*Jack (alone, surveying the room with disgust). I'm
not a fidget, no man could be less,
But was there ever such a hopeless mess !*

¹ By permission of the Editor of the *Girls' Own Paper*.

What should be fresh as paint and neat as pins,
Inch thick in dust!—and so the day begins!
No fire been laid, no water boiled; by eight
No sign of breakfast! Not a single plate
Been washed since yesterday; spoons, forks, and
knives

All greasy still from use. What! talk of wives,—
This Jill of mine, I think, would take the cake
As good for nothing;—cannot mend or make,
She cannot cook or clean or—

*(Enter JILL; hair down her back, dirty apron, only
one shoe on.)*

Jill. Anything more?
I've heard what you've been saying through the
door.

You talk of wives; some husbands might be steady,
And stick to work and—

Jack (irritably). Get the breakfast ready.

Jill. They might do *that* if they—

Jack. Don't be a goose,
But boil the kettle.

Jill (kneeling at fire-place). What's the earthly
use?

The fire won't draw, these coals all burn to
smoke ;

The kettle's got a hole, the poker's broke.

Jack. And so am I !

Jill. The teapot's cracked—

Jack (excitedly). And so

Shall I be soon if this goes on, I know !

Look here ! My shirt in rags, my coat in holes,
No buttons on my boots ! (*points to table*) no
breakfast rolls,

No tea, no toast, no *anything* in fact,

A woman ought to see to—

Jill. Talk of cracked !

I think you'll drive me crazy with your din ;

No matter what occurs, day out, day in,

It's grumble, grumble, grumble ! Why blame Jill

Because your buttons go where buttons will ?

I might as well lament lost hairpins, Jack.

Jack. You might indeed !—your hair all down
your back !

Jill. There's coats enough to buy, if you earned
wages ;

Why don't you work ? You haven't worked for
ages !

Jack (seated with hands in his pockets). Not if I know it ; I'm on strike, *I* am.

Jill (imitating him). Then so am I.

Jack. You always are so, ma'am,
Though what *you* strike for, goodness only knows !

Jill. For longer hours—

Jack (contemptuously). For shorter, I suppose,
Is what you mean.

Jill. I mean just what I say.

You strike to get a shorter working day,
Because you're told to—like a pack of sheep—
I strike to get a longer night of sleep.

Jack. You sleep the clock round as it is.

Jill. What then ?
I can't tell eight from nine, nor nine from
ten ;

No sun comes here. I can't tell night from day ;
(*Points to window.*) Just look at that ; call that a
window, pray ?

Jack. Well, where's your broom ?

Jill. It hasn't got a handle.

Jack. This state of things a shame is, and a
scandal !

Jill. What state of things ?

Jack (angrily). Mess, muddle, rags and dust !
If things get worse—

Jill. Why then they'll mend—they must ;
There's comfort in the thought—they always do ;
The proverb says so, and it must be true.

Jack (very angrily). This state of things I won't
endure ! I'll end it
Once and for all. (*Strikes table and smashes it.*)

Jill (contemplating table). You have. Now who's
to mend it ?

Jack (in a tone of disgust). Oh ! chuck it on the
fire and let burn,
It's good for nothing else ; it's served our turn.
A table's very well for those who dine
And breakfast,—drink their tea or wine,—
But as for us, it's come to such a pass,
We might as well be both turned out to grass !

Jill (crying). It's all your fault.

Jack. It isn't ; anyhow,
My fault or not, I'll run away. (*Going.*)

Jill. What, now ?

Jack. Yes, now.

Jill. Where will you run to ?

Jack (taking down his hat). I don't care.

To Paris—Patagonia—anywhere. (*Reflecting.*)

I have it. Central Africa, of course,

And dig for diamonds.

Jill.

And without remorse

You'd go and leave me! Diamonds—I'll go too.

Just wait a minute till I've found my shoe.

Jack (at the door). No—I don't *want* you.

Jill (searching for shoe). Just a minute, Jack!

Jack. Shoes down at heel, and hair all down
your back—

To Central Africa, my dear, it is a far, far cry;

You stay and have a good long night. Good-bye!

(*Exit JACK while JILL is still searching for her shoe. She goes on searching, then looks up suddenly and realizes he is gone. Runs to the door.*)

Jill (alone in great despair). What! really gone
this time. Oh, Jack, dear Jack!

I'll do whatever you like, if you'll come back.

I'll rise at six—or five, I'll sweep the room,

I'll put another handle on the broom,

I'll light the fire and coax the kitchen flue,

I'll boil the water—make the poker do—

I'll clean the window and I'll scrub the floor,
I'll wash the knives and forks—nay, I'll do more—
I'll sew your buttons on, I'll mend your shirts,
And *never* tax you with your just deserts !
I'll serve your meals up fit for any king,
I'll brew you drinks—I'll cook you anything,
If only you'll come back ! (*Pauses.*) This is unkind !
What can I promise more ? (*Pauses again.*) Well,
 never mind !
It cuts both ways. One, makes less work than two ;
With Jack away I shan't have much to do.

(Seats herself in chair by fireside. Shivers.)

Ugh ! what a home ! Stone-cold and dark as pitch.
Mend shirts ! Sew buttons ! No one but a witch
Could see to sew ! Folks talk about the sun—
I don't believe there's no such thing—for one !

*(Tries to make herself easy in the chair, and shuts
her eyes as if going to sleep. Voices heard
singing.)*

SONG OF THE SUNBEAMS (*behind scene*).

Here we come at early morning,
Spite of all your strife and scorning,
So your welcome we might win ;

SUNBEAMS AT HOME

Here again we come at even,
Ere we wander back to heaven,
Pleading : " Let the Sunbeams in ! "

When at dawn a Sunbeam blushes,
Know you not that larks and thrushes
Lift their little heads and sing ?
Yet we hold in treasure for ye,
Richer gifts of grace and glory,
Than to birds we ever bring.

When we hover o'er the mountain,
When we play about the fountain,
Each with golden beauty glows ;
But we come and daily proffer
At your door, oh, thankless scoffer,
More than we bestow on those.

Know you not the very essence
Of a Sunbeam's blessed presence
Is the power of joy it gives ;
Freely spent on all, its treasure,
But on man a larger measure
Over everything that lives.

We have tried your cottage casement,
But we found, with sad amazement,
Not a chink where we could pass ;
Now we linger on the tiling,
By the chimney faintly smiling,
Listening for your voice, alas !

And we hear you strive and grumble.
O, be patient ! O, be humble !
Let the wandering Sunbeam in.
Never mortal man did rue it ;
Richest blessings, if you knew it,
For your portion you might win.

(*A strong ray of light comes from the doorway, in the midst of which appears the FAIRY ESMERALDA. JILL opens her eyes, rubs them, and shades them with her hands as if dazzled by the light.*)

Jill. What can the matter be? What's this?
Who's there?

O, goodness gracious! what a dreadful glare!

Esmeralda. You hardly seem accustomed to the light.

Jill. I cannot say I am—at least—not quite;
You rather take my breath away—I mean
You turn my head;—a lamp-shade or a screen
Would tone you down; you get upon my nerves!

Es. And is this *all* your Sunbeam guest deserves?
No welcome, when I've come to cheer you up?
No—I'm not come to breakfast, dine or sup,
But, as you seemed so low, to have a chat.

Jill (suspiciously). The district visitor begins like that.

Es. Do I look like her?

Jill. Not exactly—no.
Perhaps you've come to ask for votes; if so,
My husband's out—and won't be back till—

Es. When?

Jill. Some time next week, and possibly not then.

Es. (smiling). I come for votes? Just take another glance.

Jill (looking more attentively). You're not the Electric Light, by any chance?

Es. The Electric Light? My friend, it's very clear

That more or less you live in darkness here.

The Electric Light is useful in her way,

But very unlike me! She makes you pay

For what she calls her "Installation,"—comes

With pomp and fuss, and lets you in for sums

As price of what she gives. But as for me,

I offer you *my* service gratis—free.

Jill. Then p'raps you'll tell me who you may be,
Madam,

For, truth to tell, I know you not from Adam!

Where do you come from?

Es. Sunbeam-Land.

Jill. From where?

Es. From Sunbeam-Land. No wonder that you stare.

You said just now there's no such thing as sun :

You're wrong. The Sun sends out his Beams.

I'm one.

Jill. You're what?

Es. A Sunbeam.

Jill. Nothing more than that?

A common sunbeam! Well, it does fall flat,

When I had raised my hopes so high!

Es. As high

As the Electric Light, it seems. Oh, fie!

And leave the sun out? Well, they always say

Folks only value that for which they pay.

If I'm not welcome p'rhaps I'd better go.

Jill. I didn't quite mean that. Not welcome?

—No—

I'm glad to see you. Won't you take a chair?

Es. A thousand thanks! (*Looks at chair.*) And

yet, I hardly dare,

There's so much dust.

Jill. Allow me.

(*Wipes chair with her dirty apron, making it dirtier.*)

Es. (*shaking her head.*) Hardly fit

For frocks like mine. I'd rather stand than sit.

What were you doing just now when I came in?

Jill (*hesitating*). I think I was asleep.

Es. O what a sin
To be asleep so early in the day !
If you sleep now, when do you labour, pray ?

Jill. When Jack had gone I felt so very low.

Es. Ah ! that I understand. Why did he go ?

Jill (*pettishly*). Oh, says his home is dull—
must have a lark—

He says the house is dirty, damp, and dark,—
His meals are cold, his coat and shirt in rags—
He says, forsooth, he's got a wife—

Es. (*aside*). Who nags !
(*Aloud.*) Well, as your husband's gone upon the
spree,

Suppose you do the same and come with me.

Jill. Where to ?

Es. The Golden Island of the Sun,
And see where Sunbeams dwell.

Jill. That would be fun !
Is it like Central Africa ?

Es. Well—no.

Jill. No diamonds there ? Then I don't care
to go.

Es. No diamonds as you deem ; yet to be juster,
The light itself that gives the gem its lustre.

Jill. But how am I to travel? You have wings ;
How 'm *I* to get along without such things?

Es. O, never mind ; our journey will be swift,
Straight up—up—up, in no time—

Jill. By a lift?

Es. If Sunbeams travelled *that* way from the Sun
The work they have to do would never be done !

Jill. What do they have to do?

Es. Well, come and see.
Give me your hand, and trust the rest to me.

Jill. You're very kind ; but still, I must confess,
I ought to visit in my Sunday dress.
You look so smart and I feel so untidy
To go a journey anywhere beside ye !

Es. O never mind ! I've not much time to spare—

Jill. But mightn't I just fasten up my hair?
And please to let me find a *pair* of shoes.

Es. I must be going—I have no time to lose.

Jill (*trying to make herself look a little less untidy*).
But you're turned out so extra span and spick !
You make me look quite shabby.

Es. Well, be quick.

Jill. All right. I'm ready now. Good-bye, old
House.

I leave you to the care of rat and mouse ;
Let bats and spiders work their wicked will,—
If Jack can run away,—why, so can Jill !

(*Curtain.*)

SCENE II.

(*The Golden Island of the Sun. The QUEEN of the Sunbeams on a throne in the centre towards back of stage. On either side in a semi-circle an equal number of Fairies. Enter ESMERALDA right entrance, leading in JILL, whom she places at right corner of the stage to the front, so that she may watch the proceedings of the Sunbeams.*)

Esmeralda (*addressing JILL*). Yes, here we are ;
our journey's at an end ;

Now, you will see what you will see, my friend,
And if you're wise, you'll lay it to your heart.

Jill (*anxiously*). I sha'n't be called upon to take
a part ?

Es. No—not unless our Queen, who's most
polite,

Should notice you. I'll see you through all right.

(Enter the FAIRY ARGENTINE left entrance, leading in JACK. Places him at the left corner of the stage to the front, so that he also can watch the proceedings of the Sunbeams.)

Argentine (addressing JACK). My newly-made acquaintance, Mister Jack,
Since I from Africa have brought you back,
(Or rather stopped you going) I ought to mention,
I did it with the very best intention ;
Fortune out there is but a "spec" at best,—
From here you must return rich, wise, and blest.

Jack. I'm very glad, I'm sure. But—if you please,
(*Nervously.*) Now I am here, I don't feel quite at ease.

How ought I to behave?

Ar. It doesn't matter,
So long as you keep quiet and do not chatter.

(ARGENTINE greets ESMERALDA in centre of stage.)

Sister, whom have you there? (*Points to JILL.*)

Es. A foolish mortal ;

I actually had to force her portal
To introduce myself. And whom have you?

(Points to JACK.)

Ar. (laughing). A mortal certainly, and foolish
too !

He's greatly given to grumble and repine,
And needs some schooling here.

Es. Ah ! so does mine.

Ar. Well, if they've met each other down below
(As very possibly they have)—you know
No recognition of each other's faces
Can dawn upon them here.—Let's to our places.

*(ESMERALDA and ARGENTINE take their places, one
on the right and the other on the left of the
QUEEN.)*

Queen. Ah ! here you are, my ladies twain in
waitin' !

How is it that you're come so very late in?

Es. and Ar. together. We're sorry ma'am—

Queen. Enough, since here you are ;
The singers wait to catch the opening bar.

SOLO AND CHORUS OF SUNBEAMS.

AIR—"Come, lasses and lads."

Solo—We're just come back from the World below,
Where gas in the streets burns bright,
And the moon and the stars are beginning to show,
So we've bidden that world good-night;
And here in our Isle serene,
The Golden Isle of the Sun,
We tell our Queen Of the sights we've seen,
And the excellent things we've done!

Chorus—The excellent things we've done,
The excellent things we've done,
We tell our Queen Of the sights we've seen,
And the excellent things we've done!

Solo—We have dried the rain on the new-mown grass,
On the highways thick with mud;
We sat on the panes of the green-house glass
To colour the grapes' life-blood;
We have scattered the mountain-mist,
We have wakened the birds and flowers,
And the corn-seeds wist, As the earth we kissed,
We had ripened them—we and the showers.

Chorus—We had ripened them—we and the showers,
We had ripened them—we and the showers,
And the corn-seeds wist, As the earth we kissed,
We had ripened them—we and the showers.

Solo—We cunningly wrought on a lump of coal,
Till a diamond stood in its place;
We taught content to a grumbling soul,
We laughed in a cross-patch face;

The lazy we coaxed from bed,
We brightened the sad sick-room,
And the dust in dread Of our presence, fled,
As we guided the housewife's broom !

Chorus—As we guided the housewife's broom,
As we guided the housewife's broom,
And the dust in dread Of our presence, fled,
As we guided the housewife's broom.

Solo—We are early to bed, we are early to rise,
(I needn't repeat the rest ;)
And the consequence is, as you may surmise,
We Sunbeams with fortune are blest.
O men in their folly and pride,
They chatter such wonderful stuff !
But at Christmas-tide Our rulers decide,
Eight hours *is* long enough.

Chorus—Eight hours *is* long enough,
Eight hours *is* long enough,
But at Christmas-tide Our rulers decide,
Eight hours *is* long enough.

Queen. Now, one by one, report to me, your
Queen,

The most important things you've done and seen.

First Sunbeam (confidently). I cast a searching
glance on low and high ;

No home so safe, but I contrived to pry,
And when I found what I considered shabby,
I showed it up.

Jack (aside). As done in *Truth* by "Labby."

Queen. I fear you undertook a thankless task !

Second Sunbeam (modestly). I coaxed a discontented being to bask

In my bright self—and managed thus to teach
her

'Tis stupid to be sulky.

Queen. Pretty preacher,

'Twas wisely done !

Jill (aside to audience). That wasn't me, you
know ;

I wasn't discontented,—only *low*.

Third Sunbeam (hesitating). I'm very sorry—
but—so please your Grace,

I fear that I've been shining out of place ;

I lighted on some curtains, new and pretty,

And took the colour out !!

Queen. That was a pity ;

You work too hard ; don't overdo your shining.

Fourth Sunbeam (a very little one). I found a
cloud without a silver lining,

And sewed one in.

Queen. Dear child ! what you have done

I shall be sure to mention to the Sun.

Fifth Sunbeam (gushingly). I heard the sound
of wedding-bells, and flew
To shine upon the bride.

Queen. You always do
The proper thing, my dear ! (*To Es. and Ar.*) Ah—
by the way,
What made you late in coming home to-day ?

Es. I brought a mortal with me—

Ar. (interrupting). So did I—

Es. I thought she wanted teaching—

Ar. So did I—

Es. I've placed her yonder—

Ar. So—

Queen. One at a time !
You speak without all reason—much less rhyme.

Es. One who, from being untidy, cross, and
lazy,

It seems has driven her husband nearly crazy ;—

Ar. And so he ran away—and so I caught
him,

And as *he's* cross and lazy, here I brought him.

Queen (to both). With what you've done I own
myself contented,

But being at Court they ought to be presented.

(Dismisses ESMERALDA and ARGENTINE with a gesture. They go towards JACK and JILL, who are still where they were.)

Jill (aside). If this of Sunbeam work's a specimen, I wish I'd one to help me now and then!

Jack (aside). If we at home had got a Sunbeam Fairy

I shouldn't of my presence there be chary!

Es. (to JILL). The Queen has sent me to explain, in short,

You are to be presented, being at Court.

Jill. O dear! what shall I do? I quake!—I quail! I can't; I haven't got a train or veil.

Es. Well, that's Her Majesty's affair, not yours; She has full liberty herself, of course, To break, at will, all rules of etiquette.

Jill. But coach me up a bit, lest I forget The way I should behave.

Es. First, curtsy low, And when you are addressed say "Yes" and "No."

Jill. First curtsy low, and when I am addressed Say "Yes" and "No."

Es. And leave to me the rest.

(ESMERALDA takes JILL by the hand and leads her to the QUEEN.)

Ar. (to JACK). I've come to tell you, on the Queen's behalf,
You are to be presented.—Why d'you laugh?

(JACK goes into a fit of laughter.)

Jack. What me? How very funny! Can't you see How odd it is?—A working-man like me!

Ar. A working-man like you! you haven't worked This month or more!

Jack. Oh well, I know I've shirked
Of late, on principle. You needn't be so down
Upon a chap!—*Me* bow before a crown!

(*Strikes his breast.*)

A man on strike!—a socialist—a—

Ar.

Goose!

I cannot let you turn your hobby loose
Amongst us here!

Jack (as before). O shame on him who truckles
To kings and queens!—No stockings and no
buckles!

No uniform! no sword! What, me presented,
Just as I am? You surely are demented!

Ar. O! never mind your clothes. For what is
wrong

The Queen will make allowance. Come along.

(*ARGENTINE takes JACK by the arm, turns him round, and marches him off to the QUEEN, to whom he is presented, and bows low.*)

Queen (*bowing graciously first to JILL and then to JACK, who are not aware of each other's presence*). I'm very glad to see you—very glad—

(*To JILL.*) What can I do for you?

Jill (*clasping her hands*). O, if I had

A Fairy Sunbeam always at my side,
To be my "friend, philosopher, and guide,"
My husband, possibly, would grumble less.

(*Aside.*) As Jack's not here, that much I can
confess.

Queen (*to JACK*). And is there anything that I
can do,

My special friend, the working-man, for you?

Jack. Sunbeams about *my* house, I've never
had 'em;

If you could kindly let me have one, Madam,

My temper, bad (though I have known a worse
'un),

Would be improved. (*Aside.*) A very pleasant
person !

A *very* pleasant person—for a queen,—
So unassuming, affable, serene !

(*Confidentially to the QUEEN.*)

I've got a wife at home,—as good as gold,
But slovenly and somewhat apt to scold ;
I'd not tell every one—but—*entre nous*,—
You understand,——

Queen. I'll see what I can do.

Jack (aside). Delightful, quite ! No ! socialists
may prate,

But there are queens *and* queens, at any rate.

Queen (to both JACK and JILL). I understand.

You want a Sunbeam-sprite

Who will attend you with her Fairy Light.

To gain your wish, give heed to what I say :

Go home, work hard, rise early in the day,

Contented be and kind ; be neatly dressed,

Do all you have to do your very best ;

If these my precepts you awhile pursue,

A sunbeam in your home I promise you.

(*The QUEEN with a gesture then motions JACK and JILL to stand on one side.*)

Enough of royal state. Ho ! Sunbeams mine,
Join hands and trip it all along the line !

(*The Fairies execute a dance. Tableau. Curtain.*)

SCENE III.

(*JACK'S cottage clean and tidy ; window bright, fire burning, kettle on the hob ; a steady table ; clean table-cloth and tea-things laid for two. JILL alone, in a clean dress, hair nicely done, neat shoes and stockings.*)

Jill sings (AIR : " My lodging is on the cold, cold ground ")—

I have been to a land where no mortal has been,
'Tis a land all of silver and gold,
And the things I have done and the sights I have seen,
Jack wouldn't believe if I told !
I'm sure he would say it was one of my dreams,
Or the work of an over-taxed brain ;
But I know more than he of the Sun and his Beams,
And I'm longing to see them again.

I have done what the Queen of the Sunbeams decreed,
I have mended my ways that were bad,
For her warning just came at the moment of need,
And I think, on the whole, I am glad ;

For whatever I do and wherever I go,
My labour much lighter appears ;
My digestion is better, my spirits less low,
And I feel less inclined to shed tears.

I have found by experience, and found to my cost,
And candidly now I confess,
There is nothing to gain, there is much to be lost
By a system of muddle and mess ;
Then down with what's careless and lazy and low,
And up with what's cheerful and kind,
For the promise is sure, and already I know
How a Sunbeam at Home one may find !

Jill (surveying the room with pleasure). No
muddling more for me. O, I dare say
(*To audience.*) You don't believe I rose at dawn of
day ;

I see you don't ; yet all the same 'tis true,
And what a deal of work I have got through !
My kitchen's neat and clean at last, I think,
My saucepans shine enough to make one blink ;
That's something like a fire ; as for the kettle,
Was ever seen a brighter bit of metal ?
I've cleaned the window and I've washed my frocks,
I've darned no end of stockings and of socks ;—
That makes me think of Jack. (*Sits.*) Where can
he be ?

Most likely tossing on the treacherous sea,
And very sick perhaps. O! poor old chappie!
I'll do my very best to make him happy
If ever he returns. But I've no notion
How long it really takes to cross the ocean;
Suppose he's drowned—or eaten up;—Suppose—
(*Starting up.*) Good gracious me! I've never
aired the clothes!

(*Exit JILL entrance right in great hurry. Enter
JACK entrance left, in a new suit of clothes.
Treads softly, looking round cautiously.*)

Jack. Hush! hush! hush! Here comes a wiser
man!

(*Comes forward and shows himself to audience.*)

Behold and recognize me—if you can.
Of honest and industrious toil the fruit
You see, in this my tailor-made new suit;
Spare cash as well for presents to my wife,
(*Jingles money in his pocket.*)
Besides all this I have insured my life;
I've shown myself a man of sense and grit,
And trust the Sunbean Queen will hear of it.

(*Looking round.*) Upon my word ! A transformation scene !

What's Jill been doing, I wonder ? Where's *she* been ?

It seems, instead of giving way to grief

She has been turning over a new leaf.

What can it mean ?

(*Enter JILL with basket of clean clothes.*)

Jill. O Jack ! my darling Jack !
I'm awfully glad to see you safely back ;
Don't run away again !

Jack. My dearest Jill,
I give my word I never, never will !

(*They embrace over the clothes-basket.*)

(*Aside.*) Now, how shall I account for where I've been ?

I can't explain about the Sunbeam Queen

Lest it should make her jealous. (*Aloud.*) Let's have tea.

Jill. I've always had it laid for you and me
In case you came. (*Aside.*) I'd better keep it dark
About my own especial private lark
To Sunbeam-land ; he'd only think me mad.

(*Aloud, pouring out tea.*) 'Tis nice to have you
back! I was so sad (*They sit.*)

Alone! In Africa what have you done?

Jack. Shot lions with a double-barrelled gun.

Jill. Oh, Jack! how brave! What have you
done with them?

Jack (*hesitating*). O—well—the fact is, dearest,
I—ahem!—

I met a special correspondent on the boat,
And gave them him. In gratitude he wrote
Of all my prowess to the *Daily Graphic*;
I think I did a profitable traffic.

Jill. O Jack, how clever! All the same—I—

Jack. What?

Jill. Should like to *see* those lions that you shot.—
And did the crossing make you very ill?

Jack. The less we say of that the better, Jill.

Jill. And have you come back richer than you
went?

Jack. With pockets full of money, still unspent.
(*Jingles money.*)

Jill. Then you've been really working?

Jack. Like a nigger!

Henceforth I hope to cut a better figure.

But, I say, Jill, why—you've been working too ?
Or else you've made the fairies work for you.

Jill. The fairies ? What d'you mean ? Do you
suppose

I cannot scrub the floor or wash the clothes ?

Jack. You didn't use to trouble much about it,
So don't be huffed, dear, if I rather doubt it.

(Laughing.) While you took forty winks, come now,
admit,

The brownies came and tidied up a bit ?

Jill. This morning I was up at four o'clock.

Jack. Not you !

Jill. I was indeed ; how dare you mock !
I've been at work all day.

Jack (laughing). What—do you mean,
You scrubbed the floor and made the window clean ?
You ranged the crockery neatly on the shelf ?

Jill. I tell you, Jack, I did it all myself.

Jack. You did it all yourself ! Well, this is new !

Jill. You might believe me, since it was for you
I worked so hard. And then, the Sunbeam Queen—

Jack (starting). The Sunbeam Queen ? What
do *you* know of her ?

Jill. What do *I* know ? Pray, what may I infer

From such a sudden question on your part?

Jack (aside). O, what a goose I was to give that start!

(Aloud.) The Sunbeam Queen, my dear,—yes—who is she?

Jill. The Sunbeam Queen. Whom else, love, should she be?

Jack. Exactly so; but what about her?

Jill. Well—

I know you won't believe me if I tell.—

Jack. O yes, I will indeed. What did she say?

Jill. "Go home—work hard—

Jack (interrupting). "Rise early in the day—

Jill. "Contented be

Jack. "and kind—

Jill. "go neatly dressed,

Both. "Do all you have to do your very best—"

Jill. Why, you've been there as well, I do believe!

Jack. I have.

Jill. And Central Africa?

Jack. I grieve

To say, a hoax!

Jill. O, Jack! no lions?

Jack.

None !

Jill. No special correspondent ?

Jack.

All my fun !

(*Jumping up.*) But, as you said they would—so
things have ended,

Come to the worst, and now at last they're mended.

(*JILL jumps up; they both begin to dance on either side
of the tea-table, singing to the air, " Weel may the
keel row."*)

I went and *you* went and *we* went

To have a lark,

But *I* meant and *you* meant

To keep the matter dark ;

But *I* have let and *you* have let and *we* have let

The secret out,

So *I'll* forget and *you'll* forget

We ever had a doubt.

(*They continue dancing and singing, till a rap at the
door makes them both stop short suddenly.*)

Jill. Who's there ? Come in.

Jack (*louder*).

Come in.

A voice at the door.

May I come in ?

Jack. Pray do; we never say what we don't
mean.

Enter the FAIRY ARGENTINE disguised as an old woman, in a long cloak and hood, hobbling on a stick. JACK and JILL hasten to receive her.)

Jill. O, how d'you do ! So kind of you to call.

Ar. (*in a shaky voice*). I fear I may intrude.

Jack.

No, not at all.—

So pleased to see you ! Won't you take a chair ?

Where would you like to sit ?

Ar.

O, anywhere

Will do for me, so I can rest a minute.

(*Sinks into a chair as if tired.*)

Jill. You'd like some tea ? Shall I put sugar in it ?
And milk ?

Ar. O, anyhow will do for me,
I'm nothin' but a poor old body, as you see.

(*JILL brings her a cup of tea ; she takes it with trembling hands. JACK gives her the bread-and-butter.*)

Jill. You seem fatigued.

Ar.

Aye ! truth to tell I am,

For all day long I have been trampin', ma'am ;
It's hard on folks when they've seen better days,
And quite enough my 'usban's ghost to raise !

Jack. What was his trade?

Ar. He ran a travellin' circus,
And little thought my end would be the workus!

(Begins to cry.)

And all my bits of things he took away!

O dear! that I should live to see the day.

Jill. You poor old soul! Indeed I wouldn't go
Into the workhouse—were it ever so!

Ar. You'd have to, if you couldn't pay your rent.

Jack. I'd try a house-boat—or—I'd pitch a tent.

Ar. *(caressing JILL's hand).* I'm much obliged,
I'm sure, for all your pity,

But what must be, I fear, *must* be, my pretty. *(Sobs.)*

Jill. Don't agitate yourself; it's bad to fuss;
Since you are here, we hope you'll stay with us,—
Now, don't we, Jack?

Jack (to AR.). Those are my sentiments.
No question then of taxes, rates, or rents
Need evermore disturb your peace of mind.
So that is settled.

*Ar. (rising and placing herself between JACK and
JILL).* You are *very* kind.

But Mrs. Grundy might—

Jill. O, Mrs. Grundy!

A fig for her ! Stay Saturday to Monday,
And if you're pleased we hope you'll never leave
us ;—

Don't gaze like that as if you don't believe us.

Ar. (slowly). It isn't that I don't believe you—
but—

I beg that both of you your eyes will shut
And think it over, please, while I count ten.

Jack (aside to JILL). We mustn't cross her humour.

(To AR.) Yes ; what then ?

Ar. First do as I request without debate ;
Eyes shut ? *(JACK and JILL shut their eyes.)*
One, two,—three, four,—five, six, seven, eight,
Nine—ten.

*(While she counts slowly ARGENTINE lets fall her
cloak and hood and appears as a Fairy.)*

Now open them, and look at me.

Jack and Jill together. A Sunbeam ! Fairy Sun-
beam, can it be !

Jack. What, Argentine ! or I mistake my eyes,—

Ar. (laughing). It was such fun to take you by
surprise.

Jill. But where's our aged guest ?

Ar. That was a trial,
By which I sought to prove your self-denial,
Your courtesy and kindness. You this test
Have bravely stood. Attend to my behest :
Our Queen now sends you—you remember her?

Jack. Rather !

Ar. The boon she promised to confer.

(A Fairy Sunbeam dances in. ARGENTINE beckons to her.)

Jack and Jill together. A Sunbeam in our home !

Ar. (to Fairy). Come hither, dear,
And tell these two what is your mission here.

Sunbeam (standing between JACK and JILL).
A Sunbeam in your home to brighten it,
A Sunbeam at your work to lighten it,
To show you, life has still a fairer side
If you will look, no matter what betide ;
And not to outside things alone to impart
A lustre,—but to kindle in your heart
The triple light of trust and love and hope,
This is my mission, this its aim and scope.
Our Queen, your willingness to mend has proved,
And now redeems her promise as behoved

Her Majesty. You, Jill, have found how swift
The blessing is on tidiness and thrift.—
You, Jack, have seen that for a working-man
To work is, on the whole, the wiser plan.
Continue, both, in such a mind to be,
Your Sunbeam guide will serve you willingly.

(*While she is speaking* ESMERALDA *enters and comes forward to JILL's side.*)

Es. You know a Sunbeam when you see one, now?

Jill. Best thanks to you, who kindly showed me
how.

Ar. (*to JACK*). And how about your views, my
socialist ;

All things still wrong, that happen to exist ?

Jack. My views are modified, and now I see
Things are not necessarily wrong that be ;
My Union Club will find I've changed my tone ;
Henceforth, no man more loyal to the throne !

Ar. That's right. In sign thereof of course you
mean

To lead the chorus in "God save the Queen."

ARGENTINE. JACK. SUNBEAM. JILL. ESMERALDA.

(*Curtain.*)

RICHARD CLAY & SONS, LIMITED,
LONDON & BUNGAY.

WARWICK HOUSE, SALISBURY SQUARE,
LONDON, E.C.

New and Recent Copyright + Novels

AND OTHER POPULAR WORKS

PUBLISHED BY

WARD, LOCK & CO., LIMITED.

E. H. STRAIN.

A Man's Foes. A Tale of the Siege of Londonderry. New and cheap edition. With *Three Full-page Illustrations* by A. FORESTIER. Crown 8vo, cloth, **6s.**

"Quite the best historical novel of the day."—*The Sketch*.

"A powerful and impressive historical novel. . . . A chronicle of intense and unflagging interest."—*Daily Telegraph*.

"'A Man's Foes' is the best historical novel that we have had since Mr. Conan Doyle published 'Micah Clarke.' . . . An exceptionally fine romance."—*Daily Chronicle*.

FRANCIS HINDES GROOME.

Kriegspiel: The War Game. A Novel. By the author of "Two Suffolk Friends," "In Gypsy Tents," etc. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, **6s.**

"Seemingly at one bound Mr. Groome has taken rank among the most promising novelists of the day, so full is 'Kriegspiel' of interest, of stirring incident, and of vivid and varied sketches of men and manners from contemporary English life."—*The Illustrated London News*.

"As a gipsy novel, as a novel depicting gipsy life, 'Kriegspiel' is unrivalled."—*The Athenæum*.

SHAN F. BULLOCK.

By Thrasna River. The Story of a Townland. Given by one John Farmer, and Edited by his Friend, SHAN F. BULLOCK. With *Four Full-page Illustrations* by ST. CLAIR SIMMONS. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, **6s.**

"This is a charming book, and affords quite the best picture of Irish rural life that we have ever come across."—*The Athenæum*.

"It is an Irish 'Thrums,' in which the character is drawn as straight from life as in Mr. Barrie's delightful annals of Kirriemuir."—*The Sketch*.

WARD, LOCK AND CO., LTD.

PERCY ANDREAE.

The Vanished Emperor. By the author of "Stanhope of Chester." Crown 8vo, cloth, **6s.**

"We can honestly say it is years since we read a story so original, so striking, or so absorbing."—*Manchester Courier*.

"A most thrilling detective story, to which additional piquancy is given by the fact that the chief personages concerned are the present German Emperor and his Court, introduced under the thinnest disguises."—*Athenæum*.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

The Tale of Chloe; The House on the Beach; and, The Case of General Ople and Lady Camper. By the author of "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," etc., Crown 8vo, cloth, **6s.** Also a cheap edition, cloth, **3s. 6d.**

"'The Tale of Chloe' is one of the gems of English fiction. . . . We question whether, even in Mr. Meredith's rich array of female characters, there is any more loveable than Chloe."—*Daily Telegraph*.

EDITH JOHNSTONE.

A Sunless Heart. Third edition. Crown 8vo, cloth, **6s.** Also a cheap edition. Crown 8vo, cloth, **3s. 6d.**

Mr. W. T. Stead, in his article on "Women Novelists," writes of "its intrinsic merit, its originality and its pathos, its distinctively woman's outlook on life, and the singular glow and genius of its author. . . . Lotus is a distinct creation—vivid, life-like, and original."—*Review of Reviews*.

MRS. LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

Lazy Tours. By the author of "Bedtime Stories," "Swallow Flights," etc. Large crown 8vo, **6s.**

Mrs. Moulton is everywhere admitted as America's greatest woman poet, and more than one critic who has seen this volume is of the opinion that Mrs. Moulton has written nothing to equal it. "Lazy Tours" is one of the most delightful volumes of Travel Papers which has appeared.

LOUIS F. AUSTIN.

At Random. A Collection of Essays and Stories. With *Photogravure Portrait and Special Title-page*. Full crown 8vo, art canvas, **5s.**

"At Random," when it sees light in the beautiful form in which it is presented, will assuredly be one of the most widely-discussed books of the season. Though Mr. Austin has an almost unique reputation as one of the most brilliant and able of literary writers, he has, strange to say, never yet published a volume, but now he has at last collected some of the best of his contributions to periodicals together.

GUY BOOTHBY.

Dr. Nikola. With about *Forty Illustrations* by STANLEY L. WOOD. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, special design, *5s.*

"Dr. Nikola" has enchanted hundreds of thousands of readers during its serial course in "The Windsor Magazine."

The Beautiful White Devil. By the Author of "Dr. Nikola," "A Bid for Fortune," etc. With *Six Full-page Illustrations* by STANLEY L. WOOD. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, *5s.*

A more lively, romantic, and amazing bit of fiction than "The Beautiful White Devil" it would be hard to indicate. . . . It is full of surprise and fascination for the fiction-lover, and is worthy of the reputation of the creator of the famous Nikola.

A Bid for Fortune; or, Dr. Nikola's Vendetta. With about *Fifty Illustrations* by STANLEY L. WOOD and other Artists. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, *5s.*

"He never allows the interest to drop from first page to the last. . . . The plot is highly ingenious, and when once it has fairly thickened, exciting to a degree."—*The Times*.

"It is impossible to give any idea of the verve and brightness with which the story is told. Mr. Boothby may be congratulated on having produced about the most original novel of the year."—*Manchester Courier*.

In Strange Company. A Story of Chili and the Southern Seas. With *Six Full-page Illustrations* by STANLEY L. WOOD. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, bevelled boards, *5s.*

"A capital novel of its kind—the sensational adventurous. It has the quality of life and stir, and will carry the reader with curiosity unabated to the end."—*The World*.

The Marriage of Esther: A Torres Straits Sketch. With *Four Full-page Illustrations* by STANLEY L. WOOD. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, *5s.*

"A story full of action, life, and dramatic interest. . . . There is a vigour and a power of illusion about it that raises it quite above the level of the ordinary novel of adventure."—*Manchester Guardian*.

ARTHUR MORRISON.

Martin Hewitt, Investigator. By the author of "Tales of Mean Streets," etc. With about *Fifty Illustrations* by SYDNEY PAGET. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 5s.

"Most people like tales of this sort, . . . and no one writes them better than Mr. Morrison does. The narratives are written not only with ingenuity, but with conviction, which is, perhaps, even the more valuable quality."—*Globe*.

Chronicles of Martin Hewitt. Being the Second Series of "Martin Hewitt, Investigator." With *Thirty Illustrations* by D. MURRAY SMITH. Crown 8vo, art canvas, 5s.

"Certainly the most ingenious and entertaining of the numerous successors of Sherlock Holmes. There is not one of the stories in this collection that is not ingeniously constructed and cleverly written."—*The Academy*.

Adventures of Martin Hewitt. Being the Third Series of "Martin Hewitt, Investigator." With *Thirty-five Illustrations* by T. S. C. CROWTHER. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 5s.

The remarkable reception given by both press and public to "Martin Hewitt, Investigator," and "Chronicles of Martin Hewitt," is sufficient guarantee that this third series of the adventures of that astute detective will be warmly welcomed.

MAX PEMBERTON.

Jewel Mysteries I Have Known. By the author of "The Iron Pirate," "A Gentleman's Gentleman," etc. With *Fifty Illustrations* by R. CATON WOODVILLE and FRED BARNARD. Demy 8vo, cloth gilt, gilt edges, 5s.

"The most interesting and entrancing 'mystery' stories that have appeared since the publication of the doings of Mr. Sherlock Holmes."—*The Literary World*.

"Mr. Pemberton has attempted a great deal more than to give mere plots and police cases, and he has succeeded in capturing our attention from the first story to the last."—*The Bookman*.

FRANCIS PREVOST.

Rust of Gold. Crown 8vo, art canvas, 5s.

"A series of nine *fin de siècle* stories of great power and picturesqueness. . . . As word-pictures they are simply masterpieces."—*Daily Telegraph*.

On the Verge. Crown 8vo, art canvas, 5s.

"'Rust of Gold' was good, but 'On the Verge' is better."—*Star*.

HENRY KINGSLEY.

New Library Edition of Henry Kingsley's Novels. Edited by CLEMENT K. SHORTER. Well printed (from type specially cast) on good paper, and neatly and handsomely bound. With Frontispieces by eminent Artists. Price **3s. 6d.** per volume, cloth gilt.

1. **The Recollections of Geoffry Hamlyn.** With a *Photogravure Portrait* of Henry Kingsley, and a *Memoir* by CLEMENT K. SHORTER. Illustrated by HERBERT RAILTON.
2. **Ravenshoe.** With Frontispiece by R. CATON WOODVILLE.
3. **The Hillyars and the Burtons.** With a Note on Old Chelsea Church by CLEMENT K. SHORTER. Illustrated by HERBERT RAILTON.
4. **Silcote of Silcotes.** With Frontispiece by LANCELOT SPEED.
5. **Stretton.** With Frontispiece by GEORGE M. HENTON.
6. **Austin Elliot, and The Harveys.** With *Frontispiece* by WALTER PAGET.
7. **Mdile. Mathilde.** With Frontispiece by HOLLAND TRINGHAM.
8. **Old Margaret, and other Stories.** With *Frontispiece* by ROBERT SAUBER.
9. **Valentin, and Number Seventeen.** With *Frontispiece* by R. CATON WOODVILLE.
10. **Oakshott Castle, and The Grange Garden.** With *Frontispiece* by W. H. OVEREND.
11. **Reginald Hetherege, and Leighton Court.** With *Frontispiece* by GORDON BROWNE.
12. **The Boy in Grey, and other Stories.** With *Frontispiece* by A. FORESTIER.

"Henry Kingsley was born to wear the purple of romance. . . . Where will anyone who is ordinary and sane find better comradeship? Scarcely outside the novels of Walter Scott. . . . Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co.'s edition of this despotic and satisfying romancer is cheap and well printed, and comfortable to hold. Those who love Kingsley will love him again and better for this edition, and those who have not loved have a joy in store that we envy them."—*The National Observer*.

"To Mr. Clement Shorter and to the publishers the unreserved thanks of the public are warmly due; there can be no finer mission from the world of fiction to the world of fact than the putting forth of these ennobling novels afresh and in a fitting form."—*The Daily Chronicle*.

"To renew your acquaintance with Henry Kingsley is for Henry Kingsley to stand forth victorious all along the line. His work, in truth, is moving and entertaining now as it was moving and entertaining thirty odd years ago."—*The Pall Mall Gazette*.

WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

A Secret Service. Being Strange Tales of a Nihilist. By the author of "The Great War," "Zoraida." With *Frontispiece* by HAROLD PIFFARD. Crown 8vo, cloth, **3s. 6d.**

"Apart altogether from its political interest, "A Secret Service" will be read and appreciated for its brightly-written stories of mystery and sensation and romance which are threaded together in the narrative of Anton Préhznér."—*Daily Mail*.

ANNIE E. HOLDSWORTH.

Spindles and Oars. By the author of "The Years that the Locust hath Eaten." Crown 8vo, cloth, with *Special Title Page*, **3s. 6d.**

Miss Holdsworth has written a delightful series of Scottish Idylls, which can only be compared with the work of Mr. J. M. Barrie and "Ian Maclaren." They are full of tender pathos and quaint humour, and are sure to sustain the reputation she has already made.

J. E. MUDDOCK.

Stormlight; or, the Nihilist's Doom. A Story of Switzerland and Russia. With *Two Full-page Illustrations* by GORDON BROWNE. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, gilt top, **3s. 6d.**

"The work has a strong plot, exciting situations, and a certain truth to history, that make it full of interest."—*The Scotsman*.

"A thrilling tale, chock full of sensational incidents."—*Liverpool Post*.

ADA CAMBRIDGE.

A Humble Enterprise. By the author of "The Three Miss Kings," "Fidelis," "A Marked Man," etc. With *Four Full-page Illustrations* by ST. CLAIR SIMMONS. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, **3s. 6d.**

"It is a delightful story, refreshingly original, singularly well told, and absorbingly interesting from beginning to end."—*Daily Mail*.

"A pretty, graceful story, and one to leave, so to speak, a clean taste in one's mouth; such dishes are rarely served to the public."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

MARY TENNYSON.

The Fool of Fate. By the author of "Friend Perditus." Crown 8vo, cloth, **6s.**

"Although sad in tone, this book is exceedingly clever and well written. . . . The book is not loaded with psychological analysis, but the incidents are mainly allowed to speak for themselves, and the work is a clever, clear, and consistent character study."—*Bristol Mercury*.

BERTRAM MITFORD.

The Expiation of Wynne Palliser. A Novel of Contrast. By the author of "The King's Assegai," etc. With *Two Full-page Illustrations* by STANLEY L. WOOD. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, *3s. 6d.*

Readers who wish to have a realistic picture of the South African life, concerning which recent events have aroused such interest, should not fail to get Mr. Mitford's new work. It brings the whole scene before the reader's eye with startling vividness, and is an intensely interesting story as well.

The Curse of Clement Waynflete: A Story of Two South African Wars. With *Four Full-page Illustrations* by STANLEY L. WOOD. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, *3s. 6d.*

"Telling us wonderful incidents of inter-racial warfare, of ambuscades, sieges, surprises, and assaults almost without number. . . . A thoroughly exciting story, full of bright descriptions and stirring episodes."—*The Daily Telegraph*.

A Veldt Official: A Novel of Circumstance. With *Two Full-page Illustrations* by STANLEY L. WOOD. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, *3s. 6d.*

"We have seldom come across a more thrilling narrative. From start to finish Mr. Mitford secures unflagging attention."—*Leeds Mercury*.

A. CONAN DOYLE.

THE FIRST BOOK ABOUT SHERLOCK HOLMES.

A Study in Scarlet. By the author of "The White Company," etc. With *Forty Illustrations* by GEORGE HUTCHINSON. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, gilt top, *3s. 6d.*

"One of the cleverest and best detective stories we have yet seen. . . . Mr. Conan Doyle is a literary artist, and this is a good specimen of his skill."—*London Quarterly Review*.

"Few things have been so good of late as Mr. Conan Doyle's 'Study in Scarlet.'"—MR. ANDREW LANG, in *Longman's Magazine*.

THOMAS HENEY.

The Girl at Birrell's. With *Frontispiece* by T. S. C. CROWTHER. Crown 8vo, cloth, *3s. 6d.*

"The attraction of the book, which is considerable, lies in the vivid picture it gives of life on a huge portion of a huge pastoral estate in Australia."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

"Apart from the excellence of telling, the accurate local colour of 'The Girl at Birrell's' renders it valuable."—*Black and White*.

OUTRAM TRISTRAM.

The Dead Gallant; together with "The King of Hearts." With *Full-page Illustrations* by HUGH THOMSON and ST. GEORGE HARE. Crown 8vo, art linen, gilt, *5s.*

"Both stories are well written in faultless English, and display a knowledge of history, a careful study of character, and a fine appreciation of a dramatic point, all too rare in these days of slipshod fiction."—*National Observer*.

HEADON HILL.

The Rajah's Second Wife. A Story of Missionary Life and Trial in India. By the author of "Zambra the Detective," "Cabinet Secrets," etc. With *Two Full-page Illustrations* by WALTER S. STACEY. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, *3s. 6d.*

"Will assuredly be read with the deepest interest. . . . The novel, as a whole, is one that will be read with genuine pleasure."—*The Scotsman*.

The Divinations of Kala Persad. With *Two Full-page Illustrations* by STANLEY L. WOOD. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, *3s. 6d.*

"Distinctly worth having. 'The Divinations of Kala Persad,' so far as the book relates to that remarkable man, have a novelty that is refreshing."—*The Spectator*.

"The stories in this book are well told and interesting, and have the charm of freshness."—*St. James's Gazette*.

The Queen of Night. With *Frontispiece* by HAROLD PIFFARD. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, *3s. 6d.*

No one who is familiar with the work of Mr. Headon Hill will dispute that in "The Queen of Night" is to be found the most skilful and enthralling detective story he has yet done. The idea is absolutely original, and is worked out with breathless interest and unusual power. From first to last it holds the reader's attention.

MAGGIE SWAN.

A Neglected Privilege: The Story of a Modern Woman. By the author of "A Late Awakening," etc. With *Two Full-page Illustrations* by STEPHEN REID. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, *3s. 6d.*

Readers of Annie Swan and Silas Hocking will find a story to their liking in Maggie Swan's new novel, "A Neglected Privilege." It is a pure and wholesome tale, told with as much skill as characterises the work of her longer known sister. Every lover of pure literature will enjoy this charming tale.

A Late Awakening. With *Two Full-page Illustrations* by ST. CLAIR SIMMONS. Square fcap. 8vo, cloth elegant, gilt top, price *2s. 6d.*

"'A Late Awakening' is both pretty and pathetic. Miss Swan has a distinct faculty for describing wild scenery in the Scottish islands and for realistically painting the life led by people in the lonely villages thereon. Her characters are excellent."—*The Star*.

JOSEPH HOCKING.

Though Mr. JOSEPH HOCKING's novels have been (by the *Spectator*) compared to Mr. BARING-GOULD's, and (by the *Star*) to Mr. THOMAS HARDY's—next to whom it placed him as a writer of country life—and by other journals to Mr. HALL CAINE and Mr. ROBERT BUCHANAN, they are, one and all, stamped with striking and original individuality. Bold in conception, pure in tone, strenuously high and earnest in purpose, daring in thought, picturesque and life-like in description, worked out with singular power and in nervous and vigorous language, it is not to be wondered at that Mr. HOCKING's novels are eagerly awaited by a large and ever-increasing public.

Fields of Fair Renown. With *Frontispiece and Vignette* by J. BARNARD DAVIS. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, **3s. 6d.**

"Mr. Joseph Hocking's 'Fields of Fair Renown' is a novel with a purpose, and the theme is worked out with a good deal of force and effective power, . . . It is both interesting and powerful."—*Scotsman*.

"Mr. Hocking has produced a work which his readers of all classes will appreciate. . . . There are exhibited some of the most beautiful aspects of disposition."—*Dundee Advertiser*.

All Men are Liars. With *Frontispiece and Vignette* by GORDON BROWNE. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, **3s. 6d.**

"This is a notable book. Thoughtful people will be fascinated by its actuality, its fearlessness, and the insight it gives into the influence of modern thought and literature upon the mind and morals of our most promising manhood."—*Christian World*.

Ishmael Pengelly: An Outcast. With *Frontispiece and Vignette* by W. S. STACEY. Crown 8vo, cloth, **3s. 6d.**

"The critical point in the book is finely managed, and the whole story is told with quite unusual power and a large measure of trained skill. Mr. Hocking has produced a novel which may unhesitatingly be recommended to all classes of readers."—*The British Weekly*.

The Story of Andrew Fairfax. With *Frontispiece and Vignette* by GEO. HUTCHINSON. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, **3s. 6d.**

"The really excellent part of the book is its accurate picture of the monotony of rural life. A readable, wholesome, and carefully-written story."—*Westminster Gazette*.

Jabez Easterbrook. With *Frontispiece and Vignette* by STANLEY L. WOOD. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, **3s. 6d.**

"Real strength is shown in the sketches. . . . In its way it is delightful."—*The Rock*.

Zillah. With *Frontispiece and Vignette*. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, **3s. 6d.**

"Writing purely from the Christian standpoint, he enters into all the details of Spiritualism and Theosophy. . . . The story is written with considerable vigour."—*Manchester Guardian*.

The Monk of Mar Saba. With *Frontispiece and Vignette* by W. S. STACEY. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, **3s. 6d.**

"Of great power and enthralling interest. . . . The scenery of the Holy Land has rarely been so vividly described as in this charming book."—*The Star*.

COULSON KERNAHAN.

God and the Ant. Fortieth Thousand, long 8vo, sewed, *1s.*

"He has risen to imaginative heights whither few living authors could follow him. Nor can I recall any finer picture in religious fiction than that which he has painted of the end of the world, and the coming of unnumbered souls to cry for vengeance before the throne of God."—*Vanity Fair*.

"It may be said to speak as closely to the religious consciousness of the nineteenth century as Bunyan's immortal work did to that of the seventeenth."—*Literary World*.

A Book of Strange Sins. Fourth edition. Crown 8vo, cloth, *3s. 6d.*

"I do not remember to have read for a long time a study of the deadliness to soul and body, of what I may even call the murderousness of purely sensual passion, in which the moral is so finely—and I must use the word, awfully—conveyed."—MR. T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P., in *The Weekly Sun*.

"Such books are among the healthiest symptoms, not only of modern literature, but of modern thought. The book is a fine one, and I think it will live."—*The Academy*.

A Dead Man's Diary. Fifth edition. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, *3s. 6d.*

"A brilliant success."—*Globe*.

Sorrow and Song. Second edition. Crown 8vo, buckram, *3s. 6d.*

"Mr. Kernahan shows himself a genuine thinker, a sympathetic critic, a patient analyst, and, above all, a man of wholesome, clean soul, so far as he has enshrined it in the pages of this modestly-dignified little book."—MR. S. R. CROCKETT, in *The Bookman*.

"By a writer of much insight and originality."—*Times*.

"Of singular beauty and tenderness, but at the same time full of critical insight."—*Athenaeum*.

F. MARION CRAWFORD.

To Leeward. A Novel. By the author of "A Roman Singer," "Mr. Isaacs," etc. Crown 8vo, cloth, *3s. 6d.*

"Mr. Marion Crawford in his new novel 'To Leeward,' has achieved his greatest success; indeed, it is not too much to say that this work takes a high place in the ranks of modern fiction."—*Vanity Fair*.

An American Politician. A Novel. Crown 8vo, cloth, *3s. 6d.*

An entertaining study of phases of life and types of character, and of present political aspects and tendencies, by a keen and thoughtful observer, whose every new book is sure to be welcomed and read.



UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY
Los Angeles
This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

Form L9-17m-8,'55 (B3339s4) 444

THE LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



A 000 495 180 2

PR
6005
C437d

